HARPER'S WEEKLY.

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

WITH A SUPPLEMENT.

VOL. XXV.—No. 1292.

Copyright, 1881, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 24, 1881.

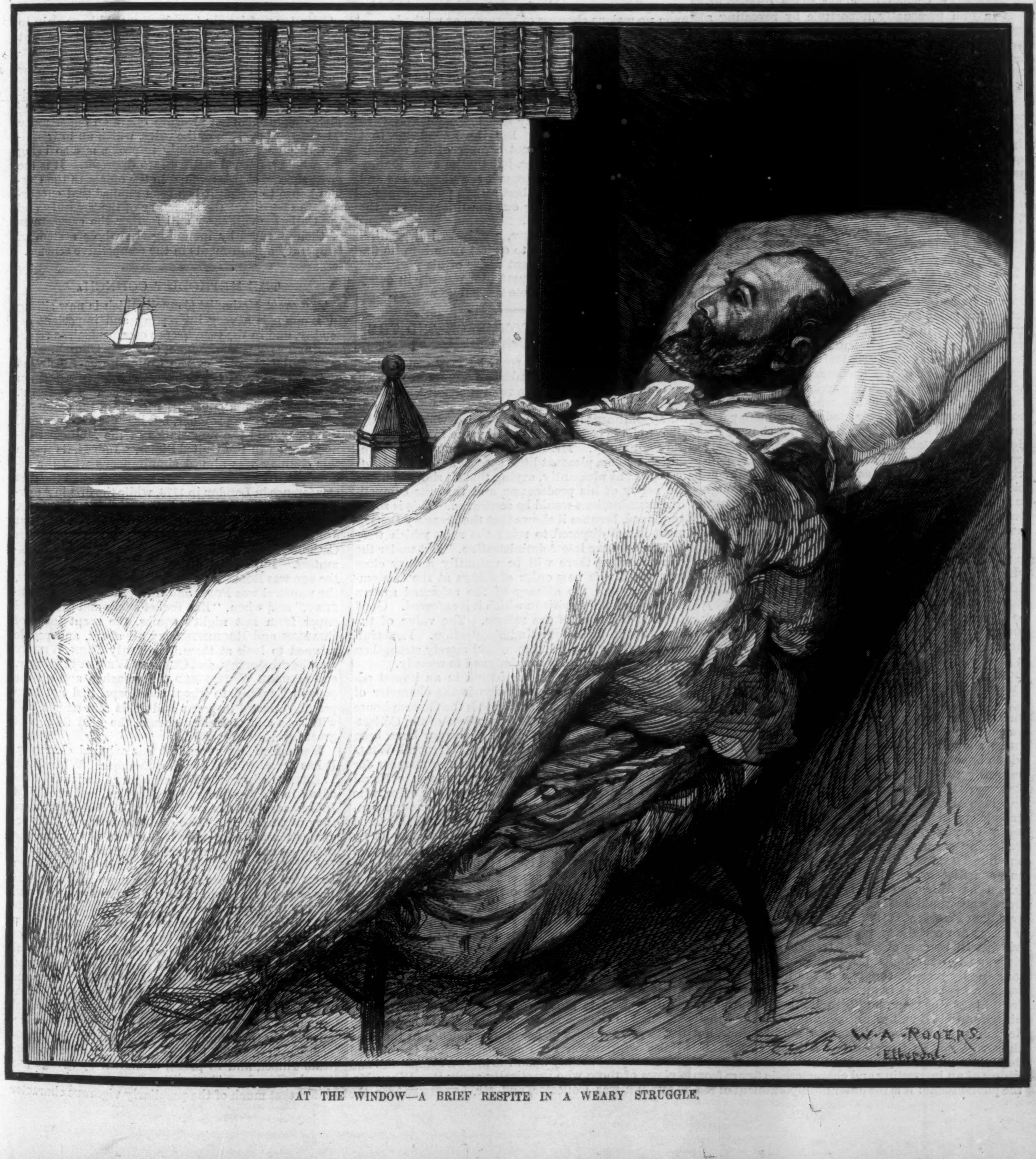
TEN CENTS A COPY.
$4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

AT THE WINDOW.

ON Tuesday of last week the President was permitted to recline for a short time in an easy-chair at the window of his room, whence he could look out upon the ocean. He had suffered but little pain during the morning, had not been restless, nor had he complained of weariness. It was thought that a change of position would not be attended by unfavorable results, and the comfortable invalid chair was placed by the window and prepared for him. He was lifted from the bed on the sheet, and so easily moved that the pulse was accelerated only two or three beats. Even this slight increase soon disappeared. He did not really sit up; the chair was inclined at an angle of a little more than twenty degrees, and the President lay upon it with his head slightly more elevated than it is upon his pillow. But the change seemed to be refreshing.

The results of this experiment were so favorable that it was repeated upon the following day. On the 14th, immediately after breakfasting, the President reminded the doctors of their promise to let him sit in the reclining-chair again if he were able. They assented, but thought he would better give his meal a chance to settle first. It was then after eleven o'clock. He asked when he might expect to be moved. They answered, in about an hour, and fixed the time at 12.15. At the latter time, to a second, the President's servant appeared at the door of Mr. BROWN's cottage, where the doctors were waiting, and said, significantly, that it was 12.15. The President had kept track of the passing minutes, and had sent him over.

On being placed in the chair and wheeled over to the window, where he could look out upon the ocean, the President exclaimed: "This is good. I like this. I think I ought to have been taken here three weeks ago." The doctors asked him to inform them as soon as he was tired, and left the room. Time passed without a message. The doctors went to lunch, and came out again, and still there was no word from the patient. On going to his room, they found him very unwilling to be removed to his bed.



AT THE WINDOW—A BRIEF RESPITE IN A WEARY STRUGGLE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 99 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *issued September 20, contains a number of pictures, stories, and poems appropriate to the close of vacation and the beginning of the new school year. It also contains an interesting article on "Pigeons and Doves," how to raise and care for them; an exquisite drawing by* F. S. CHURCH, *entitled "A Rainy Day"; and many other attractions.*

☞ *A* SUPPLEMENT, *representing* PRESIDENT GARFIELD *after death, is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

AT last the blow so long apprehended has fallen, and the President is dead. His illustrious position and his tranquil courage have drawn to his stricken family the tender sympathy of the world; but for himself, as was said of LINCOLN, he is in nothing happier than in the moment of his death. He had but just entered upon his great duties, amid high and happy anticipations, and with the confidence of his country. Before any hope could be disappointed, a sudden blow has made disappointment in him personally impossible by revealing a pure and tender heroism of character; a manhood at once gentle, noble, and perfectly self-possessed; a courage which, as it had not failed in the storm of battle, did not quail before sharp suffering and certain death. He dies amid universal and tender respect, which even a long and happy conduct of the government could not deepen, and after suffering which, it seems, was not needful for his own discipline, but the spectacle of which has chastened and elevated a whole nation. For many weeks its hand has been upon his pulse, its ear at his breast, its heart hoping and praying for his restoration. But during all those weeks it has detected no flutter of fear, it has heard no word which was not thoughtful and generous and cheering. He is dead, and the prayer of his fellow-citizens, although not answered according to their hope, has yet been answered with a benediction.

The career of General GARFIELD was made familiar to the country last year, and its truly American character, his steady advance from obscure poverty to distinction gained wholly by fine qualities, his romantic bravery in war, his intelligent diligence and great ability in peace, his public spirit in the best sense, aroused a peculiar personal interest, which the events of his illness have deepened into personal affection. His strong political convictions, and the difficult conditions of public life, which no man could more fully appreciate, never made him a mere partisan politician, but in every exigency he showed the high spirit of a statesman. His intellect, singularly acute and robust as well as comprehensive, his scholarly habits and instincts, as well as his political conscience and true public spirit, made him a thorough and candid student of public questions, so that his own strong thought was enriched with the wisdom of other men and times, and his step was sure because it was planted upon principles which he understood. If in familiarity with public law and in that knowledge which is gained by long and arduous experience the elder and younger ADAMS surpassed him, and JEFFERSON outstripped him in speculative political fancy, no President has excelled him in general cultivation and accomplishment, and in the statesman's temperament and sagacity. The kind of apprehension which is always suggested by men of his disposition, that there might be a want of heroic fibre and moral tenacity, was entirely dissipated by the serene courage of the last days. There are men so just that they seem to see the reason of both sides too clearly for positive decision and action. But General GARFIELD showed that it was strength, not weakness, which bred the gentleness of his character. He was naturally the leader of his party in the House of Representatives not only by his personal rectitude and mental ability, but by his more comprehensive knowledge, his sincere and effective oratory, his perfect self-command and urbanity. His Congressional leadership was not dashing like CLAY'S, nor imperious like THADDEUS STEVENS'S, but it was persuasive and conciliatory, and left him the friend of the foe whom he foiled. There is no Republican whom Democrats would both more sincerely respect and regret than President GARFIELD.

There are certain touching incidents in his career which will become cherished traditions. Song and story, as the Springfield *Republican* suggests, will long fondly recount the love of the mother and the son, the kiss at the inauguration, the letter written from his bed of pain and death, the swift journey of his wife to his side, her untiring devotion, and their deep mutual affection. These are slight things, but they will not be forgotten. President GARFIELD'S death is more than a personal loss, more than the vanishing of an interesting and characteristic figure from the public scene: it is the bitter disappointment of reasonable hopes founded upon his singular fitness for his great office, and upon the auspicious opening of his administration. It was a happy fortune that brought him to the Chief Magistracy—how happy we see more clearly in the revealing light of these last weeks. His death is a calamity not now to be measured. Doubtless for him to die is gain, but for his mother, and for the brave woman who has shown herself worthy to be the wife of a hero, there remain only the prayers and sympathy of a nation which share their bereavement.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT.

THE chief Executive power passes to the Vice-President with constitutional tranquillity. There will be no lapse or interruption of the government, no apprehension of undue excitement, nothing but profound sorrow and patriotic expectation. It is, of course, impossible not to remember that every Vice-President who has heretofore succeeded to the Presidency has not carried out the general policy of his predecessor. Mr. TYLER and Mr. JOHNSON abandoned their parties; Mr. FILLMORE broke up his party. But the country has so plainly approved the beginnings of the GARFIELD administration, and the sorrow not only at his death, but at the possible disturbance of his probable course, is so general and so manifest that his successor, even if he wished, would hardly dare to oppose the strong public opinion which would insist upon no serious changes of purposes or methods.

Mr. ARTHUR'S political associations and proclivities are well known, and we must expect no miracles. Summoned to the Presidency by a deplorable crime and calamity, his own consciousness of the depth and nature of the public feeling can not fail profoundly to impress and influence him. The duties of the Presidency constitutionally devolve upon him, with all their responsibilities. But the knowledge that they have fallen to him, not because of his election by the people to the office, but by the assassination of his predecessor, must persuade a well-meaning and patriotic man that he can best satisfy public expectation by carefully carrying out the intentions of the President who was elected.

There will be, we are sure, a universal disposition to judge him generously, to expect from him no flagrant defiance of the evident desire of his party and of his country, and to support him warmly in every measure designed to promote the public welfare.

THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE AND THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

COLLECTOR ROBERTSON received very courteously a committee of the Chamber of Commerce which came to present to him the resolutions of the Chamber in favor of retaining the system of examination for appointment at the Custom-house, which they declare to have been of substantial value to the mercantile community. Mr. ELWELL, chairman of the committee, made a pleasant little speech, and the Collector replied as pleasantly, saying that he should pursue the policy of his predecessor, and that the competitive examinations would be continued. This is so far very good, because it shows that the Treasury Department is not disposed to relax the rules which were enforced by the late Administration. But under the circumstances there will be naturally a very close scrutiny of the new order of things at the Custom-house, because the efficacy of the reformed system depends upon the spirit in which it is enforced. Good faith is the soul of the reform. The value of the rules lies in their honest administration. Doubtfully or unfairly applied, they would merely strengthen the abuses which they are designed to remedy.

The first thing to be considered in an honest administration of the new system is the character of the board of examiners, and in this the Custom-house has been very fortunate. The offices of the Collector, the Naval Officer, and the Surveyor have been well represented upon the board. General WILLIAMS, a Deputy Collector, has been the member for the Collector's office; Mr. COMSTOCK for the Naval Office; and Mr. KANE for the Surveyor's office, who has been latterly replaced, however, by another gentleman. The first two gentlemen are peculiarly fitted by cordial sympathy with the new method and by the experience which is invaluable for the conduct of the examinations; and Naval Officer BURT, who practically organized the system, and who superintends the examinations, is one of the soundest and most efficient friends of reform in the country. The great success of the experiment in the Custom-house is due first to the resolute purpose of President HAYES, and second to the loyal acquiescence of Collector MERRITT, and the intelligent, energetic, and honorable service of the board of examiners. For the reason that we have already mentioned, and which no one will appreciate more truly than the Collector, any change in the board of examiners would be watched with great solicitude, because confidence in the good faith with which the reformed method is enforced must depend mainly upon the known sympathies and views of those who practically apply it. When Mr. ARTHUR was Collector, and Mr. LYDECKER was the presiding genius of the examining board, it might have been said that the child was not sent to its friends to nurse. Under those circumstances the friends of the experiment "couldn't take no kind of interest in it." We know of no intention to make any change in the board. But we speak of it because it is at this very point that the friends of reform would expect a sinister purpose to manifest itself.

There is another point upon which undoubtedly Collector ROBERTSON and the Secretary of the Treasury will come to an understanding. It is that of temporary appointments. The resolutions of inquiry which Mr. CONKLING offered in the Senate were prepared in New York, and they were intended to show that Secretary SHERMAN had winked at gross disregard of the rules. The reply of Collector MERRITT baffled this purpose by showing that the observance of the rules had been almost complete. It showed also, however, that there was opportunity of great abuse in making temporary appointments, which are not included in the rules. Such appointments are made for three months whenever an increased force may be required for a short time, and they may be renewed for three months more. Now it would be a plausible plea at the end of six months that having proved his capacity by the best of all tests, that of actual experience in the duties of the office, the incumbent should be permanently appointed without further examination. This would be a very sly but a very effective overthrow of the whole system. For a Collector unfriendly to reform would have only to appoint everybody at pleasure temporarily, and at the end of the temporary term to make the appointment permanent. There is no valid reason for not including such temporary appointments in the reformed scheme, and for making them from the eligible list of competitors. The present system of making such appointments at pleasure offers an opportunity for practical evasion of the rules, which an unfriendly Collector would certainly improve, and so bring the whole reformed method into discredit. It is the great success of this method in the offices in the Custom-house to which it has been applied that encourages the hope that the Secretary of the Treasury and the Collector will show still further the earnestness of their purpose by including the whole system of temporary appointments in the competitive scheme.

THE METHODIST COUNCIL.

THE great Methodist Council which is now sitting in London is a very interesting and important assembly, and in the truest sense œcumenical, as representing every part of a great Christian Church. The universal character of the Council was illustrated at the opening of the deliberations when a sermon was preached by the American Bishop SIMPSON. This was becoming, not only because of the eminence of the bishop as a preacher, but because of the extent, the vigor, and the importance of the Methodist denomination in the United States. Indeed, its rise in this country was almost simultaneous with the beginning in England. The WESLEYS invited the first Conference in London in 1774, while the first in America was held in Philadelphia in 1773. The WESLEYS, indeed, had been in Georgia forty years before, but JOHN was then a High-Churchman, receiving Roman Catholics to the sacrament, and rigidly excluding Dissenters. But about 1740, when "the philosopher of the age was BOLINGBROKE, the moralist was ADDISON, the minstrel was POPE, and the preacher was ATTERBURY," and when, "like rocket sticks and the singed paper from last night's squibs, the spent jokes of CHARLES and ROCHESTER lay all about, and people yawned to look at them," suddenly JOHN WESLEY was the missionary, and CHARLES WESLEY the singer, and GEORGE WHITEFIELD the preacher, and all the poor in England, to whom the Gospel had not been preached, heard in barns and fields and streets, and with sobs and tears and shouts, the glad tidings of great joy.

Methodism has never lost this original character. It has preached the Gospel to the poor. When JOHN WESLEY died in 1791, the number of declared Methodists in England, Europe, America, and the West Indies was 80,000, but only in the United States were they organized as a distinct denomination. The organization was effected in 1784 by Dr. COKE, who was ordained as its superintendent, and was sent out by Mr. WESLEY. The story of no other denomination of Christians is more familiar or more romantic. It has adapted its teaching with singular sympathy and skill to the popular heart, and it counts its adherents by millions. Although refusing the name of a Church, and claiming to be only an aggregation of classes and societies and conferences, its essential unity of faith and spirit and purpose, its simple and comprehensive organization, carried with supreme skill into the least detail, constantly recall the completeness and efficiency of the Jesuit ecclesiastical system. The itineracy and the allotment by conference imply that absolute subordination and religious consecration which led the obedient Jesuits to penetrate Thibet, and to perish unknown by savage torture in Canada. To the itinerant system there is no doubt that much of the peculiarly vigorous character

and singular success of the denomination is due. Itinerancy, in a word, is a system for securing the right man in the right place, for keeping the square pegs out of the round holes. It allots to every society, upon careful consideration of its condition, the kind of guidance that it needs. Where discretion is wanted it does not send fervor; to babes it sends milk, and strong meat to men.

The whole polity and the entire situation of the Methodist denomination are passed in review at these great councils. Its faith and doctrines are those of the great body of evangelical Christians, but its methods are its own. Its classes and circuits and districts and conferences are peculiar to itself. How effective they are, the history of Methodism shows, and in the Council of 1881 there are no indications of a decline in the fervor or the vigor of the denomination.

THE DEMOCRATIC DILEMMA.

THE proceedings of the Democratic Convention in New York will be watched with a great deal of interest, because some Democrats in the city of New York, disgusted with the ascendency of Tammany Hall, have essayed a reorganization of the party. This movement is an endeavor to break the yoke imposed upon the party by Mr. JOHN KELLY and his band of bolters, and this fact is not at all hidden by the proposition that he and his men should acquiesce in the new arrangement. When the house of a horse-thief on the frontier is surrounded at night, and he is politely invited to open the door and come out, he knows that it means,

"Victor Galbraith,
Come forth to thy death!"

Mr. JOHN KELLY probably has his own views upon the wisdom of accepting the invitation. He has retorted with an invitation of his own, and it is not easy to see what the new lights, in the words of Mr. KELLY's predecessor, are going to do about it. Two years ago, Mr. JOHN KELLY's threat to bolt if he could not have his way was sneered at as a mere bid for a high price for the Tammany vote. Very few observers supposed that he would hold out until election day, and then defeat his party. But that is what he did. He led the largest and most effective bolt ever made from the Democratic party in New York, and on the eve of a Presidential election he placed the State government, with all its power, in the hands of his political opponents for three years. Such a man really commands the Democratic situation in the State. If he is "left out," he will leave out the party.

The question of his recognition will be apparently unavoidable by the Democratic Convention, because it is plain, as we write, that the new organization will elect delegates, and the old organization, known as Tammany Hall, will elect delegates, and the Convention must choose between them. The question will be wholly practical, for it will be, How can most votes be secured? As for "regularity," the new organization is, as we understand, spontaneous, and not in pursuance of an order of the State Convention, which is the final tribunal of the party; and as for the events of two years ago, a Presidential election has intervened, in which Tammany loyally supported the ticket, so that previous offenses are condoned. Forced to decide between the contestants, the Convention will know from experience that if Tammany be excluded, it will beat the ticket. But while this is certain, it is not at all certain that if Tammany be admitted, the new lights will bolt. On the contrary, it will be assumed that such good and honorable Democrats will hold to the regular nominations under the most adverse circumstances, and this consideration will undoubtedly admit Mr. JOHN KELLY and his Tammany braves. The Democratic party will never be reorganized until the Democrats who wish to shake off the dominance of Mr. KELLY are as bold as he, and as willing as he to see their party defeated in order to accomplish their purpose. He is not a bird to be taken in a net set in his sight. The Democratic situation is what it was under TWEED. Mr. TILDEN did not like TWEED, but he did not dislike him enough to break with him at the risk of injury to the Democratic party, and therefore Tweedism would never have been suppressed by Mr. TILDEN. The present situation is probably not different. Mr. KELLY commands the position, and his opponents are not willing to see him overthrown at serious cost to the party. We shall be very much surprised if he is excluded from the Convention.

The situation, however, is suggestive. It is an accepted theory that popular government can be carried on only by party. If that be true, it is obvious that those who are honestly devoted to the objects of a party will wish to keep that party in good order as the means of obtaining those objects. But that is impossible if it becomes an end in itself, because then personal and factional quarrels arise which necessarily weaken the party. Those who wish to keep a party efficient for its purposes, therefore, must prevent it from becoming an end instead of a means, and to do this they must destroy the root of faction and of personal quarrelling. The feuds in both of the great parties in New York are due to the personal rivalries which spring from patronage, and parties will fail more and more to secure the objects for which they ostensibly exist in the degree that this disturbing and destroying element increases. Suppose a New-Yorker honestly interested in the Democratic party as a means of securing some public object, although under the circumstances we can not imagine what the object might be. In 1879, such a man saw that party baffled by Mr. JOHN KELLY because he was afraid of losing his control of patronage. To secure that, he was ready to defeat his party and to give the victory to the opposition. The Democrat whom we suppose thus sees the means upon which he relies for a public object wholly perverted to a private and selfish purpose. He must resolve to restore the party to its proper aim at the price of present defeat, or he must surrender to Mr. JOHN KELLY. After the experience of 1879 and of 1880, we have little doubt that he will surrender.

BURNSIDE.

ONLY those who personally knew General BURNSIDE could know the manly simplicity of his character, his uprightness, and single-heartedness. Bred at West Point, he had taken no part whatever in politics, and doubtless shared the feeling of many army officers of the old *régime* that the sectional difference was unnecessary. But when the war began he was instantly and unreservedly at the post of patriotic duty. He led the first Rhode Island regiment that went to the field, and there was none of the first levy which more fully and truly represented the flower of the youth of its State. BURNSIDE's conduct throughout that campaign and through the war was so devoted and absolutely unselfish that, although Rhode Island at large had known little of him, he remained from the battle of Bull Run to his death the most popular man in the State.

At the end of the war he was elected Governor, and then Senator of the United States, and in every position and relation he bore himself with the same honest frankness and simple dignity. He was known personally to almost everybody in Rhode Island, and he was held everywhere in the highest esteem. His sudden death was a shock to the State and to the hosts of his friends everywhere, who will always cherish tenderly the memory of the large-hearted, generous, and noble man.

OH, FLANAGAN!

IN his interview with the President, the Postmaster-General is reported to have said to him: "Mr. President, we have advanced on the Chicago platform in the Post-office Department, for we have put civil service reform in force. No appointments of any note are being made now. We only fill vacancies caused by death and resignation, and I don't see that the service is suffering in consequence."

The Postmaster-General, in fact, is acting upon that essential part of the Chicago resolution which FLANAGAN and his friends cut out, because it made the resolution mean something.

The Postmaster-General's action also illustrates how much may be done by the Executive power to develop the demand for reform by showing how simple and practicable and effective a sensible system is. It will be very much harder for future Collectors and Postmasters of New York, for instance, to return to the spoils system after the reform which has been introduced in their offices; and the conviction that the heads of the Treasury and Post-office and of the departments of Justice and of War are really favorable to reform will make it very much more difficult for their successors to march with FLANAGAN, because it will arouse a public opinion which will sustain and strengthen the reform, and finally embody it in law.

A HERO REMEMBERED.

CONNECTICUT commemorated a few days since the centennial of the most important Revolutionary battle within her borders—ARNOLD'S massacre at Fort Griswold, on Groton Heights, opposite New London. The death of Colonel LEDYARD is one of the Revolutionary stories that stir the blood of all American boys, and which deepen the deep damnation of BENEDICT ARNOLD. In a brilliant and comprehensive narrative Senator HAWLEY set the day and the event vividly before his State and the country, and with the bold, manly frankness which is characteristic of him he renewed the curse upon the traitor.

But with the same manliness and true American spirit he said of England that we cherish "no mouldy enmities"; not, as a wit said, because such enmities never moulder, but because a noble nature gives them no nourishment. There is nothing in all the various discourses and endless articles which the centennial season of the last six years has produced more striking than the total freedom from any kind of hostile feeling toward the ancient foe. The old war is treated as a family feud long since become a tradition. The swords are crossed upon the wall in peace that were then crossed upon the field in mortal strife. The sons and daughters of common foes marry, and only the common pride of a master race and of a great civilization remains.

WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND GARFIELD.

IN an eloquent and striking speech before the Cumberland Valley Editorial Association in Pennsylvania, Mr. CHARLES E. SMITH, editor of the Philadelphia *Press*, and formerly of the Albany *Evening Journal*, draws a graphic parallel between WILLIAM of Orange, "the Washington of his earlier age," and President GARFIELD. At the moment in which he spoke the President lay almost beyond hope, and the public mind was hushed in expectation of the fatal issue. We can imagine the deep effect, at such a time, of the orator's opening words, which were quoted, as he said, from MOTLEY'S "matchless history" of the *Rise of the Dutch Republic*: "As long as he lived he was the guiding star of a whole brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets."

Mr. SMITH with great felicity pursues the comparison, quoting from MOTLEY upon WILLIAM words which have a singular applicability to General GARFIELD. There were many doubtless who thought a few months ago that the President's perfect suavity might indicate want of firmness; and MOTLEY says of WILLIAM, in words that might be written of GARFIELD, "Whether originally of a timid temperament or not, he was certainly possessed of perfect courage at last."

Speaking to men of the press, the orator quoted General GARFIELD'S own words upon a similar occasion: "If independent journalism means freedom from the domination of patronage, wealth, or corruption, freedom from party dictation, all good men will applaud it......Let the journalist defend the doctrines of the party which he approves, let him criticise and condemn the party which he does not approve, reserving always his right to applaud his opponents or censure his friends, as the truth may require, and he will be independent enough for a free country." That is sound doctrine, and it is doctrine as profitable for all members of a party as for the editors of party journals.

PERSONAL.

ACCORDING to Mr. MURPHY, who for thirty years has been official reporter of the Senate, the late WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN, of Maine, was at the head of Congressional debaters. "There was," says he, "a clearness and evenness and ability in his quick and rapid speeches and interchanges that made him one of the great characters of the English-speaking race in legislation."

—Minister WHITE says that the electric railway in Berlin, laid by the SIEMENS brothers, who are now laying the new Atlantic cable, is a perfect success, and will before long create a revolution, especially on elevated roads, as it does away with the wear and tear of heavy engines. The only apparatus the car carries is contained in a box underneath the floor, about three feet long, two feet broad, and eighteen inches high. The car stops and starts as easily as a horse-car, and runs at the rate of about fifteen or twenty miles an hour.

—Mr. A. CHENEVIX TRENCH, of London, who arrived in New York a few days ago, on his second visit to the United States, finds a hearty welcome from the numerous friends whom his estimable social qualities have won for him on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. TRENCH has been for several years a member of the eminent publishing house known as C. KEGAN PAUL & Co., the style of which has been recently changed to that of KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, & Co., Mr. TRENCH having an equal interest in the business with the senior member.

—NATHAN DISBROW BANGS, for many years, and until 1876, publisher of the *World*, died on the 14th inst. at his residence in this city, after a long and distressing illness, which had confined him to the house for many months. Mr. BANGS, who was in the prime of life and unmarried, was an active member of the Manhattan Club.

—Dr. QUINN, of California, is one of the few men who are "some pumpkins" on land as well as on sea. He keeps twenty ships busy transporting his wheat to England. He owns 55,000 acres of rich grain land, 45,000 of which were in wheat this season. One continuous furrow is seventeen miles in length.—Another fairly well-to-do farmer is JOHN B. RAYMOND, of Dakota, who has harvested this year $50,000 worth of wheat from a farm which a year ago cost him only $30,000. Western folk say that Dakota promises to exceed all other States in the quantity of its wheat.

—Mr. CARNEGIE, a Scotchman long resident in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where he has accumulated a fortune in the iron trade, has recently made a tour of Britain with his own four-in-hand. At his native town, Dunfermline, to which he has been a munificent benefactor, he was received by the Provost and 8000 people, and Mr. CARNEGIE's mother laid the first stone of a public library to be erected by her son at a cost of $40,000.

—General GORDON, of Georgia, who left the United States Senate two years ago because he could not support his family on the Senatorial pay, has since then been so fortunate as to have acquired a fortune through the sale of coal lands in Alabama, for which he and his two brothers and Governor COLQUITT received $700,000, together with $1,000,000 stock of the Richmond and Danville Extension Company.

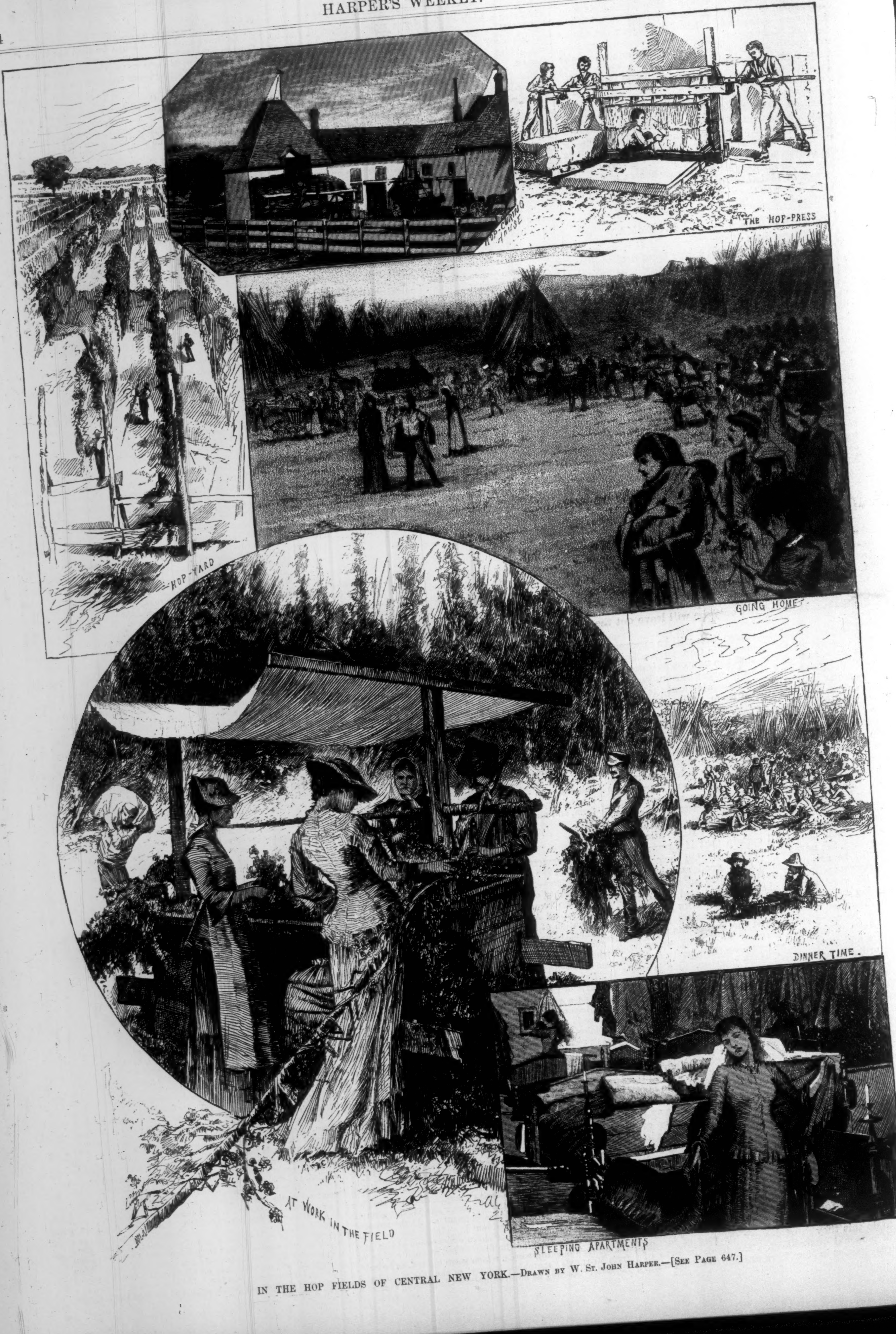
—Colonel DAN MURPHY, of California, is the largest individual land-holder in the world. He has 4,000,000 acres in one body in Mexico, 60,000 in Nevada, and 23,000 in California. His Mexican land he bought four years ago for $200,000, or five cents an acre. It is sixty miles long, and covers a beautiful country of hill and valley, pine timber, and meadow land. It comes within twelve miles of the city of Durango, which is to be a station on the Mexican Central. Mr. MURPHY raises wheat on his California land, and cattle on that in Nevada. He got 55,000 sacks last year, and ships 6000 head of cattle a year right along.

—The Rev. DIEDRICH WILLERS has just resigned the pastorship of the Reformed German church at Fayette, New York, after sixty years of acceptable service. He is one of the oldest ministers of that Church, and was a witness of the battle of Waterloo.

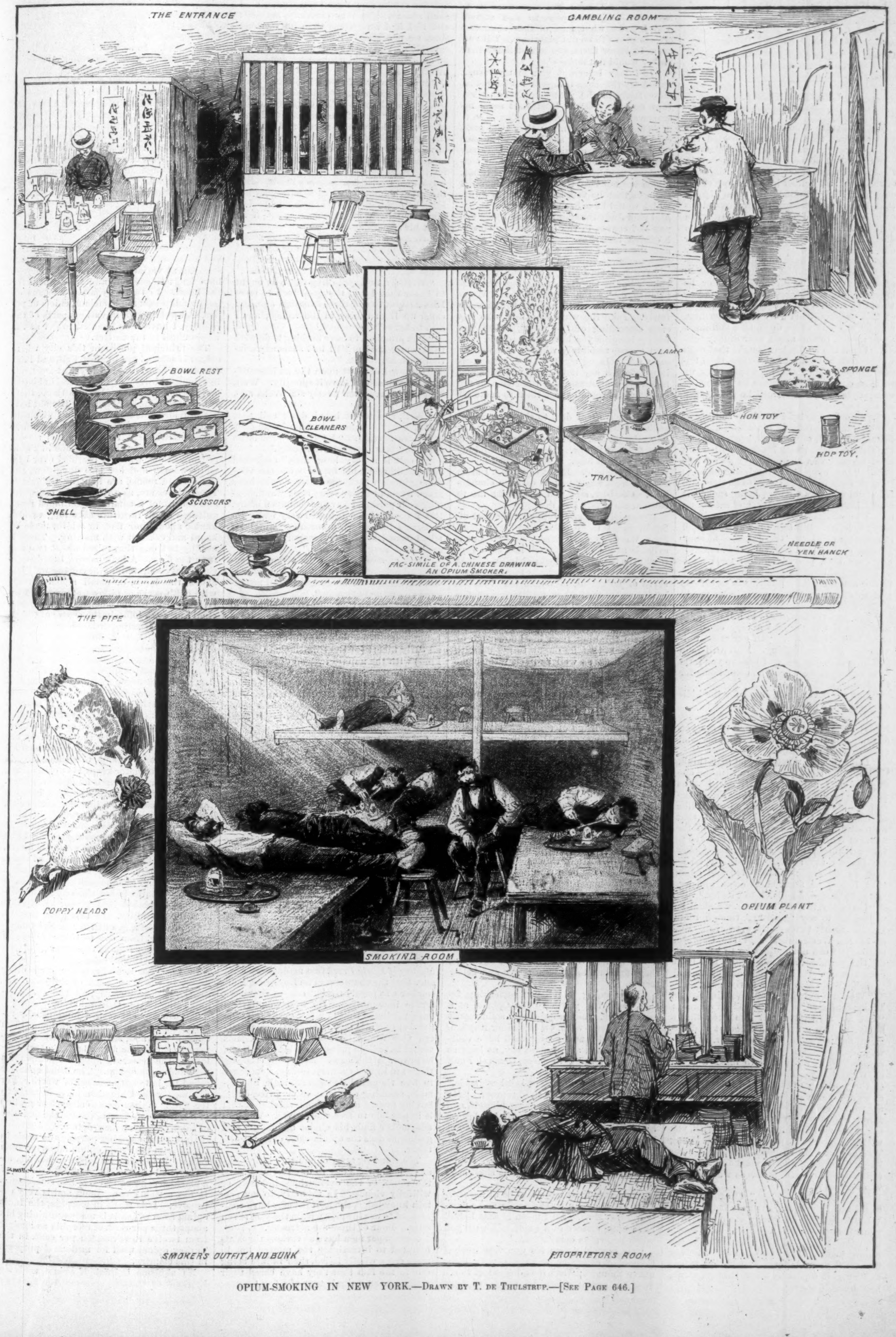
—Colonel FORNEY, writing of Senator ANTHONY, who is suggested as President *pro tem.* of the Senate, says he is still comparatively a young man—sixty-six—and has been a Senator twenty-two years. His term will expire in 1883. Of tranquil spirit, he is constitutionally full of courage. He is an excellent speaker, and rather indolent, but always delivers himself with ease and dignity, some of his addresses being remarkable for force and original rhetoric. In his conversation and writings he is like CHARLES LAMB. His manner is always straightforward. He was elected President *pro tem.* of the Senate March 23, 1869, and re-elected March 10, 1871. He was elected Governor of Rhode Island at the early age of thirty-four, and re-elected the year following.

—CONSTANTINE ARTOS, the oldest inhabitant of Crete, has died, aged one hundred and eighteen years. He married a rich miller's daughter one hundred years ago. He fought against six of the ten Turkish Sultans who have ruled the island, has buried five wives, and survived nearly all near relatives, including eleven of his children. Last year he faithfully served as Mayor of his village.

—Sir DUDLEY MAJORIBANKS, who has just been made a peer by Mr. GLADSTONE, is the son of a former partner in COUTTS's bank, who went to London, *en route* to India, with a letter of introduction and credit to old Mr. COUTTS. The latter took a liking to the lad, and said, after seeing him a few times, "What would you say to coming into my counting-room instead of going into banishment across the sea?" The boy, who thought the banks of the Thames would be pleasanter than those of the Hooghly, rose to be senior partner, and left $3,000,000. For his son DUDLEY, his favorite, he bought a large interest many years ago in MEUX's brewery, one of the half-dozen largest concerns in England, from which the new peer—the first English beer lord, by-the-way—has drawn some $200,000 a year. He has never been prominent in political life, and probably owes his elevation to pleasing personal qualities, for everybody likes him. His eldest son is married to a daughter of the Duke of Marlborough, and his daughter is Countess of Aberdeen.



IN THE HOP FIELDS OF CENTRAL NEW YORK.—Drawn by W. St. John Harper.—[See Page 647.]



OPIUM-SMOKING IN NEW YORK.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 646.]

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

By R. D. BLACKMORE,

Author of "Mary Anerley," "Lorna Doone," "Cripps, the Carrier," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

GENERAL PUNK.

Young Squire Touchwood had borne as well as could reasonably be expected the blight—or even worse than that, the blasting—of his ardent hopes. When Mr. Arthur in the kindest manner set before him the state of the case, and denied him all hope of his daughter, Dicky replied with some dignity that he was old enough to understand his own business, and could not allow even Captain Arthur to lay down the law for him about his own good. With orders to clear out, he must do so, although he must say that it was very hard upon him, particularly when he would be having to be off in about six weeks to Cambridge. For he must keep next October term, and glad he would be to do it; for he found the people of this neighborhood very hard upon him, and he had left three dogs, at a shilling a week apiece, in the mews near Sidney Sussex. Upon the whole, he thought that dogs were better, to be kind to a fellow, than human people. However, he would stick up to Miss Arthur still, because he had never seen anybody like her, until he was kicked off the premises.

Captain Larks could not help smiling at the natural mixture of his ideas, and the dismal downfall of his short brisk face, and the classical cast, which his dear mother had been assured was the image of an ancient coin. "Don't you be too hard, sir," he said; "I shall have to bunk in next to no time, and if I could go away without being sacked, it would keep me to the mark, and set me up so. I know that Miss Arthur is a million cuts above me. But still I might think, and it keeps me thinking. Old Jakes, or at least I mean our senior tutor, says that nothing has ever been proved against me, except some want of thought and a leaning toward trivial amusements. But this is so serious and so enduring that I am sure he would approve of it."

"You put these matters in a light quite new to me, but perhaps a very excellent one," said Mr. Arthur. "Of our great universities I know nothing. If it will help you in your *curriculum*, as I believe you term it, to call upon me when you come home for the holidays—"

"But we never come home for the holidays, sir. We go down for vacation."

"Well, when you are vacant, or whatever it may be, we shall be very glad to see you again. Your mind is a very candid one, and open to good impressions."

"I tell you, sir, whatever you may think, that nothing can ever compare with the one impression I am suffering from. But as facts are against me, I must go. No gentleman could do otherwise. Only I would like to have two things settled. First, that a dreadfully stuck-up young fellow, of the name of Westcombe, shall not be allowed to take advantage of my absence, and jockey me (as we say at Cambridge), by tricks such as we can not stoop to; and again that I may be allowed to come and say 'good-by' before I go back to Trinity."

"Certainly, if I am at home, we shall be very glad to say 'good-by,' though there must be nearly two months yet to run. But as to Mr. Westcombe," said the Captain, smiling, "I can not undertake to warn him off the premises, any more than has been done already. He is a good young man, and you should do him justice fairly."

"Well, he may be good enough," Squire Dicky confessed, in his fine candid manner; "but for all that I call him exceedingly nasty. I like a man to be honest and upright, and come to the front door, as I always do, instead of going fishing round the corner. Now, sir, please to make a mem. of what I say. I have seen a good deal of the world in my time, and I never knew any good come of those fellows who stick up to be everything wonderful. If anything happens to your house worse than our reverend friend had to put up with, you will find that the blame lies upon that young Westcombe. He rushes all over the moor like a moor-man, and he must fall into bad company. And you know as well as I do what comes of that."

"But, Mr. Touchwood," Captain Larks could not help saying, "surely it is not Mr. Westcombe, but somebody else, who in a youthful manner seeks the society of sporting men. You called him a 'stuck-up young fellow' just now, though he must be four or five years your senior. And if that means anything, it seems to mean that he would hold himself above—"

"Begging your pardon, sir, for interrupting you, it seems to mean that, to a certain extent. But I have had more experience than you might suppose, to look at me. And I know what men of that character always prove to be at Cambridge. Till you come to know them, you would fancy that butter would not melt—"

"If I may interrupt you, in my turn, I would say that such things might be spoken more fairly in the presence of the person they concern. Or at least that some instance should be given."

"That is the very thing: they take good care that there never shall be any instance to give. I have nothing particular to say against him. I give you my general conclusions, founded upon his behavior to me, which has not been that of a gentleman. I thought that he was after my sister Julia, which would have been a very proper thing. And poor Judy thought so too, as I may tell you—of course, in the strictest confidence. I offered him a shake-down at our place, and the run of my best Imperials; but he preferred to have a crib at Parson Short's."

"We had better quit the subject. He behaved quite rightly in declining your hospitality under the circumstances. When you are older, you will look at things more fairly. Take the word of a man who has seen something of the world, which you fondly imagine you have done. Hold your own course resolutely when it is a worthy one; say nothing against those who cross it unless you say it in their presence, and make more allowance for their view of the question than you expect them to make for yours."

"I have a great deal to thank you for," replied Dicky, who was not ungrateful; "but I'm blessed if I can make much allowance for that fellow. You bear in mind my warning about him. I always stick fast to what I have said. Right or wrong, I stick to it, though many people call me changeable. Good-by, sir; you may trust me to come again before I go up."

It was all the more unfair on the part of Squire Dicky to go on in that style about Jack Westcombe, because he knew not a syllable as yet of what Jack had been saying in the gateway. The knowledge of that might have hurt his feelings beyond all reserve of judgment, as a man who tumbles into a water-butt when meditating on the beauties of the night must be pardoned for loss of philosophy. But the young Squire, humble though he was in many ways, could not help thinking, from his knowledge of the fair sex, that he ought to get on with them at least as well as Jack Westcombe did. Jack had not half as much to say as Dicky, neither did he understand the style of dresses, or the turn of thought shaped to some half a dozen types, which the young lady chooses, and changes very properly. Dicky's knowledge of these subjects made him always most agreeable, if he only got a fair chance of displaying it, while it enabled him to be, when baited, nicely disagreeable to all of them.

On the other hand, Mr. John Westcombe now was full of magnanimous ideas. He felt an extremely contemptuous charity, which could not in such a case be rendered into "love," toward the versatile and light-hearted Dicky. No provocation would have made him punch the head of his rival in the present fine state of things. He bore with him well, as the man who has got into the right box sympathizes with the outsider—a sitting-down sympathy, which abides in its breeches. Not that John Westcombe was at all cock-sure of winning his beloved Rose for a long time to come; only that it became a joy to him to find that the other fellow's innings were cut short. And reason as we may upon such a state of things, they turn out to be both above and below reason.

"I am going to tell you something, father," said the youth to the Colonel at a genial time, when a quiet and solid repast had been dealt with, or, in plainer English, after a good dinner; "we shall have visitors to-morrow, and I dare say, as long as there is anything to shoot, General Punk will stick here."

"My dear boy, your tone is inhospitable," the father replied, with mild reproof. "My old friend is coming to enjoy himself, and also to afford us pleasure. He has been a highly distinguished soldier, and must not be made light of because no longer wanted. Under Providence, he has contributed greatly to the discomfiture of our foes. He deserves our best welcome, and he shall have it."

"You may trust me, sir, to be at his service wholly, even if he shoots me, as he partly did last time. All I mean is that I shall have little chance of a quiet talk with you when he begins bombarding."

"He certainly uses his gun very freely," Colonel Westcombe answered, with some grave thought; "but it is delightful to see how he smiles when he seems to have brought down something. His eyes are not capable of fine discrimination after all the powder smoke they have been through. I shall observe him very carefully, my boy; and if I find him worse than he was last time, we can simply load him with blank cartridge. You are a good shot. Fire when he does, and bring him whatever you knock over."

"It is the only safe plan, I believe," Jack Westcombe replied, as he rubbed his left leg, where he still had a pellet of the General's imbedded. "And if we put in five drams of powder, he would never find it out, through want of kick. However, let him have some shot the first day, and see how he goes on with it. There is one great comfort, that, as he can not walk, he nearly always fires over other people's heads. But the great danger is when a hare gets up. Keep behind him, father, I entreat you. Let him shoot Nous, or Mr. Short, or me, if he must hit something."

"He seems to have a gift of hitting something, though not at all the thing he aimed at. But we will hope for the best, my boy. What was it you were going to say to me?"

"Well, sir, I was thinking that you ought to know that I had the good luck to meet Miss Arthur, two or three evenings ago, as I came up from fishing in the valley; and I said to her—"

"You promised to have nothing to do with that young lady until I had some explanation with her father."

"I know I did, but upon the understanding that you should have it speedily. Well, that must have been nearly six weeks ago, sir."

"Well, suppose it is. I don't call that much," said the Colonel, with his broad gray eyebrows moving. "I tell you that is no time, and you have behaved badly."

"I call it a very long time," answered Jack, looking at his father with the very same glance which the latter would have given five-and-thirty years ago; "and, begging your pardon, I have not behaved badly. But I should have behaved very badly indeed, and in my own opinion sneakingly, if I had passed her like a stranger, simply because you hang fire so long."

"You express yourself in a most disrespectful manner; and until you beg my pardon for using such language, I shall not regard you as a gentleman."

The Colonel, in this most tremendous, and at the same time almost tremulous, state—for he never had such a quarrel with his son before—doubled up his napkin, and cracked an early filbert (of the thin-shelled Cosford kind) with the napkin instead of the crackers, and crunched up the nut without a bit of salt, to prove the tranquillity of his mind. And instead of looking any more at his son, he directed his gaze at the decanter stoppers first, and then higher and higher, until he took in all the ceiling.

"Sir," said Jack Westcombe, though his feelings too were hurt, "I confess that I spoke disrespectfully, and deserve to be well thrashed for it. I beg your pardon with all my heart, and will promise to do nothing of the kind again." Then the gaze of the father came back from the ceiling and fell upon the bright eyes of his son; and if the two had been of any race but ours, there must have been a little scene between them. But equally possessing that most precious birthright, self-control and disdain of outbursts, they were satisfied to know, from each other's look and manner, that the temper between them was put quietly away.

[to be continued.]

AMERICAN OPIUM-SMOKERS.

By H. H. KANE, M.D.

It was supposed at the time when *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* first made its appearance that the character of an English opium-smoker was purely the outcome of Dickens's fertile imagination. He who would then have predicted that in a few years' time the number of white men indulging in this Eastern vice would be counted by thousands would have been pronounced insane. Such, however, is the case. At a low estimate there are in this country, to-day, from three to five thousand Americans, male and female, smoking opium once or twice daily, having formed a habit from which they find it impossible to free themselves. The opium-smoker finds his chains as binding and galling as does the opium-eater or morphine-taker.

The standing army of habitués is, furthermore, being from day to day recruited from the ranks of the overcurious, indolent, or willfully vicious. In this city, to my certain knowledge, thirteen persons have commenced to use the pipe within the past seven days. Four of these are actresses.

Newspaper men have at various times attempted to investigate the matter, but in most cases wholly failed, their failure being due to the fact that they have based their articles upon a single tour of a few Chinese dens in the company of detectives, where the information to be obtained was meagre and inaccurate. In writing they drew largely upon their imagination, endeavoring to throw about the practice a romantic mysticism supposed to be penetrable only by the true Oriental. In several instances I have known white smokers, who were acquainted with the business of the visitor, tell him the most silly and most outrageously false stories about the practice, and then laugh heartily at the article when it appeared in print. This applies more particularly to our Eastern papers. Hence it is that those people who suppose they know a great deal about opium-smoking really know nothing.

In order to make my investigation of the matter thorough and truthful, I made myself acquainted with some fifty male and female American smokers in this city, became a daily visitor, staying for hours at the principal smoking-house or "joint," had habitués smoking at my own house, where I could more freely question and experiment upon them, smoked myself, in small quantities and to excess, and had two of my male nurses smoking at various times. Furthermore, I have had two smokers under treatment for the habit. In this way, and by means of letters addressed to physicians, chiefs of police, and public men in various parts of the country, I have been enabled to get at the whole truth in the matter.

The principal places in this city where opium is smoked are in Mott, Pell, and Park streets. There is one in Chrystie Street, one in Twenty-third Street, and several in Fourth and Second avenues. Besides these, there are private rooms where a few friends, having provided themselves with a full outfit, smoke in secrecy, and a number of Chinese laundries where a few Americans smoke. All of these places, except the one in Twenty-third Street, which is presided over by a white woman and her two daughters, and the private rooms, are kept by Chinamen. These places are, as a rule, in the basement, and consist of a small, low-ceilinged room, guiltless of all furniture save long wooden bunks, about four feet in width, made of board and covered with matting. There is usually but one tier, raised about two feet from the floor. A long narrow board, sometimes bevelled, running along the wall just above the bunk, or small stools covered with cloth, serve as pillows, or, more properly, head-rests, for the smokers. In the principal American joint, in the centre of Chinatown, where all nationalities seem indiscriminately mixed, you go down a short flight of steps into the basement, when you find yourself in a small room. Near the entrance is a small table, where the proprietor may be found every morning cleaning and filling the little glass lamps used in smoking. On the left of the centre is a small compartment (four by fifteen feet), a large table occupying most of the space. This is where games of chance are played by the Chinese. To the right is another boarded compartment of about the same size, in which the proprietor keeps his pipes, opium, and scales, and one small bunk for smoking. Going through a narrow passage between the two, we come to an image of some deity, before which a light is constantly burning. To the right of this is a door which leads into the "joint," or smoking-room. Upon three sides of this place are arranged bunks, in the rear there being two tiers of them, the upper one, however, being seldom used. Light—or semi-gloom—and air are furnished by one small window close up to the ceiling, and so placed that proper ventilation is an impossibility. In this place may be found, from 10 A.M. until 8 A.M. the following morning, from one to thirty American smokers. They usually come and go in parties of two or three.

In Chicago, San Francisco, and other places in the West some of the joints are fitted up magnificently, all the surroundings being in true Oriental style.

The smoker entering a joint usually removes his coat, collar, and shoes, hangs them upon a peg, and, stretching himself transversely across the bunk beside a tray containing the necessary apparatus, calls for a pipe and some opium. The usual quantity asked for is twenty-five cents' worth. For this money the Chinaman gives from six to ten "fun" (thirty-two to sixty-four grains) of No. 1, or first-class, or double the quantity of No. 2, or second-class, opium.

Opium for smoking purposes is made in China from the crude opium imported from India. It is made by repeated boiling, filtering, and evaporation, until it becomes of a blackish color and treacle-like consistence. It has a rich creamy odor, and is very expensive. It is weak in morphia, the India opium from which it is made containing but about three per cent. of morphia as against from twelve to seventeen per cent. in the Turkey opium used for medicinal purposes in this country.

No aqueous extract of opium made in England or America possesses the flavor or

"cooking" qualities of Chinese smoking opium. From China it reaches us through San Francisco. It comes in small tin boxes holding about four ounces, and worth from $7 75 to $8 30 per can.

Having the necessary articles and opium brought to him by the keeper of the joint, the smoker settles himself comfortably upon his side, takes up a little of the treacle-like opium, which is brought to him in a small clam shell, upon a long steel needle, or *yen hanck*, and holding it above the flame of the lamp, watches it bubble and swell to eight or ten times its original size. In doing so it loses its inky hue, becomes of a bright golden brown color, and gives off a creamy odor, much admired by old smokers. Poor opium does not yield so pleasant an odor, is liable to drop from the needle into the lamp, and rarely gives so handsome a color, the golden brown being streaked here and there with black. This process is known as "cooking" the opium. Having brought it to a proper consistence, the operator, with a rapid, twirling motion of the fingers, rolls the mass, still upon the *yen hanck*, upon the broad surface of the bowl, submitting it occasionally to the flame, catching it now and then upon the edge of the bowl and pulling it out into strings, in order to cook it through more thoroughly. This is called *chying* the mass. Rolling it again upon the bowl until formed into a pea-shaped mass, with the needle as a centre, the needle is forced down into the small hole in the bowl, thus levelling off the bottom of the pea (*chandoo-tschandu*). Then grasping the stem of the pipe near the bowl in the left hand, the bowl is held across the flame of the lamp to warm it, the bottom of the opium mass being at the same time heated, the needle is thrust into the aperture in the centre of the bowl, and withdrawn with a twisting motion, leaving the opium, with a hole in its centre, upon the *surface* of the bowl. Inclining the body slightly forward, the smoker tips the pipe bowl across the lamp until the opium is just above the flame. Inhaling strongly and steadily, the smoke passes into the lungs of the operator, and is returned through the mouth and nose. This smoke is heavy, white, and has a not unpleasant fruity odor. It is hardly necessary to say, as is asserted by some, that this smoke escapes from the ears and eyes also.

Having finished this bolus, which requires but one long or a few short inhalations, the habitué cools the bowl of the pipe with a damp sponge, and repeats the operation of cooking, rolling, and smoking until the desired effects are obtained. Smokers are said to take the "long draw" or the "short draw" according to whether they consume a pill in one long or several short inspirations. The long draw, or single inspiration, by means of which the smoke passes directly into the lungs, distending them to their full capacity, is unquestionably the most injurious, and those who smoke in this way form the habit the soonest, and are the hardest to break.

As much misconception seems to exist regarding the kind of pipe and other apparatus used in smoking opium as with other details of the subject. Thus a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*, otherwise accurate, makes the following curiously false statement:* "The Chinese extract from Indian opium all that water will dissolve—generally from one-half to three-fourths of its weight—dry the dissolved extract, and make it into pills of the size of a pea. One of these pills they put *into a short, tiny pipe, often made of silver* [italics mine], inhale a few puffs at a time, or one single long puff, and return the smoke through the nostrils and *ears*," etc., etc. (italics mine). The same author states in another place that adepts in the practice return the smoke through the *eyes, ears*, and *nose*.

So far as can be learned, opium has always been smoked in the kind of pipe now in use. The large amount of ash, the necessity for holding over a flame during the smoking, and the advantage of a flat mouth-piece for long inhalation, make the one style of opium pipe the only one that can be used with any satisfaction. This pipe, the origin and antiquity of which are unknown, though supposed to have originated in Arabia, consists of two parts, a stem and a bowl. The stem is of bamboo, so cut that it includes the space between two joints and one-quarter of the next. The best measure twenty-four inches in length and about four inches in circumference. Those that are from sixteen to twenty inches in length and from one and a half to three inches in circumference are imperfect, the bamboo having been cut when too young. They do not color well, and are not so convenient to handle. When new they are of a straw-color, but with long smoking become black and glossy, the coloring matter of the opium having thoroughly permeated the wood. In poor pipes this color is imitated by staining with a dye.

* "The Narcotics We Indulge in," *Blackwood*, November, 1853.

The value of a good pipe increases with its age, it acquiring a strength and odor much prized by old smokers. Ah Sing, the keeper of a joint in this city, has a pipe said to be a hundred years old. Ivory stems, while very handsome, are objected to on the ground of excessive weight, lack of flavor, and the length of time it takes to color them.

There is a pipe known as "the lemon pipe," the stem and sometimes the bowl of which are made of rings of lemon-peel cemented together, layer over layer. When thoroughly dried they are smoothed off, and are much liked by some on account of the peculiar lemon flavor that is given off when opium is smoked in them. They are worth $25. An ordinary pipe costs $5, a good one from $15 to $50.

The Chinese, in preparing the best stems, coat the inside with "cooked" Chinese opium, in order to give them a rich flavor and hasten their coloring.

At the junction of the middle and lower third of the stem, and just back of the joint, which is usually marked by some oddly carved image made from the stump there protruding, a place is hollowed out of the side of the stem, and communicates with the longitudinal perforation. About this hollow fits closely a metallic shield, usually of brass, sometimes of gold or silver, having a raised rim. Into this is fitted the bowl.

The stems are plain, carved, or ornamented with bands of silver, gold, or ivory. Good pipes are always ivory-tipped. That part of the stem from the bowl down is for ornament, to equalize the weight of the whole, and for convenience of holding and guiding while smoking.

The bowl, which is usually of a hard red clay and hollow, may be bell-shaped, ovate, or hexagonal. On the under surface is a metal flange or neck, by which it is fitted into the stem. It is usually wrapped with cloth to make it fit more accurately. The upper surface of the bowl is either flat or slightly rounded. In its centre is an opening of about sufficient size to admit an ordinary knitting-needle. The opium pipe is called by the Chinese the *yen tsiang*, or opium pistol.

The other articles necessary to complete a smoker's outfit are: a box of buffalo horn (*hop toy*) to hold the opium; a long needle (*yen hanck*), on the end of which the opium is taken up, "cooked," and fixed upon the bowl; a small glass lamp, with a perforated bell-shaped glass cover, and in which sweet or nut oil is burned; a pair of scissors for trimming the wick; straight and curved knives for cleaning the needle and bowl; a sponge to clean and cool the surface of the bowl; a box for the ash, or *yen tshi*; and two trays, the one smaller than the other, on which all these articles rest.

THE HOP FIELDS OF CENTRAL NEW YORK.

The first crop of hops raised in America was grown by JAMES D. COOLEDGE in the town of Madison, New York, in 1808, who collected for his hop field what roots could be spared from single hills in his neighbors' gardens. With these home-grown hops he supplied local breweries; and in 1816 Mr. COOLEDGE had progressed so far and so profitably that he took a crop to New York city for sale. His neighbor SOLOMON ROOT in 1817 followed him in the enterprise, and sold his first crop of two tons for $1000 per ton. Then every farmer thereabouts that could get a few roots was ambitious to have a hop field; and from this beginning the surrounding sections in Madison, Oneida, and Otsego counties have developed the industry, till this section of New York has come to be known as the "Kent of America," because of its flourishing hop gardens. Though hops are now raised in a somewhat fitful manner in other counties of the State, and in all but three of the States and Territories of the Union, yet the New York counties mentioned have in recent years raised more than all the rest of the United States; and New York may fairly be called the hop-growing State; for in 1870, when the entire crop of the country was 25,456,669 pounds, she raised 17,558,681 pounds within her own limits.

Hops are used in domestic bread-making, by druggists, and by bakers and distillers for yeast; but their chief market is among brewers of beer. The brewers use from one and a quarter to three pounds of hops to a barrel of beer, according as a "light" or "heavy" beer is sought. English brewers "hop" their beer more heavily than American. Every bale of hops will on the average "hop" a hundred barrels of beer. The official records of the Internal Revenue Department declare that in the year previous to June 1, 1880, 13,347,110 barrels of beer were consumed in the United States. This home consumption of a beverage requiring annually over 133,000 bales of hops in its manufacture, coupled with the usual demands of the English market, shows that American hop-culture may now be fairly rated among the established industries of the country.

In late years the hop harvest in Central New York begins about the 20th of August, and the problem of harvesting is one of the most serious that confronts the extensive hop-grower. Every available man, woman, and child that can pull a cluster of hops from a vine is summoned from the cities and villages surrounding the hop districts; hence for many of the working classes in the inland cities of New York the annual hop harvest becomes their vacation-time, the Saratoga of their recreations, for the aroma rising from the hop is a health-giving tonic to the human system, that for the health-seeker will compare favorably with the tonic waters of our popular American spa. The average price now paid in the section about Waterville, New York, is fifty cents per box of seven bushels, or thirty-five cents and board. The National Bank of Waterville in 1880 paid out a hundred thousand dollars to hop-pickers at the end of the hop harvest. One man and wife who picked eleven boxes per day stood at the head in last year's harvest. The average is perhaps three boxes per day for each picker, and the harvest lasts nearly a month. One diligent old woman of Brookfield, New York, once earned alone a hundred dollars in hop harvest, and the name "Old Hundred" still clings to her as a memorial of the work of her deft fingers.

Waterville—a village of some two thousand inhabitants, situated in the extreme southern part of Oneida County—is from its position the hop centre of Central New York. Thither flock the agents of the great breweries of the country; here swarm, soon after hop harvest, the hop exporters and commission men of the metropolis; and here live a vast number of extensive hop-growers—farmers whose capital, acquired in hop-culture, has raised them to a plane in the business where they can both control large farms and act as commission dealers in the commodity.

The rush for meals is always a notable feature of a day in the hop fields, for hop-hunger is proverbial. What the ozone of the sea air is to the inhabitant of the rural districts, or the bracing atmosphere of the north woods is to the dweller in the metropolis, the appetizing hop fields are to many a dyspeptic among the hop-pickers. On the large farms breakfast is often served by candle-light, before the first peep of day. The call to dinner comes at eleven o'clock, and supper at five, and in some fields the hungry humanity waits till after dark for the evening meal. Barrels of drinking water are constantly kept in the large fields for the convenience of the pickers.

Not only the catering but the sleeping arrangements for so many hop-pickers are parts of the annual problem of hop harvest. In one farm visited forty-four beds were crowded into the "women's room," and an equal number in the sleeping-room for the men.

The hop sections of Central New York, as the harvest nears its close, look like a limitless Indian encampment, as the twenty feet hop-poles are stacked after picking in a manner closely resembling the frame of an aboriginal wigwam, and it is a singular coincidence that these wigwam-studded hop fields are the very grounds which the Oneidas of olden time frequented as they raised their cone-shaped habitations of those early days.

Some hop-growers, instead of using two long poles to every hill of hops, train their hops upon strings, thus needing fewer poles. Fields of hops that have been trained in the "tent method" with strings and the wire-strung yards present a truly beautiful sight when heavily laden with gracefully bowing vines that are luxuriant with fat green cones. String yards are increasing in popularity in the New York hop gardens, and English growers favorably speak of this method as the "American plan." There is in it a considerable saving of expense in the item of poles, which are imported from Canada for the New York growers at an average cost of eleven cents each.

From the box to the bale is a critical transition for the hop, and the most successful growers have now learned to pay the best attention to the curing processes. A box-tender, responding to the cry of "Hop sack" from the picker, carefully rolls the green picked hops into sacks, and hop wagons at the close of the day transport them to the curing-houses. The hop sacks, on arrival from the field, are emptied into the lattice-floored chamber of the hop kiln, and spread to the depth of ten inches. A wood or coal stove in the apartment below creates a strongly heated current of air, that rises through the hops, drying out the moisture in its passage to the cowl. Fumes of sulphur are introduced at the same time from below to bleach the hop, that it may better suit the eye of a purchaser, and sulphur does not injure the active principle of the hop, except when used in excess. The hop-drier cures at night the hops that have been picked during the day. On some farms as many as five kilns are in service contemporaneously during a night.

When the hops have been spread in the drying chambers, the hop-drier lights his fire below, and watches the increasing temperature and all thermometer changes, the draughts below and the escapes above, with the vigilance of an engineer of an express train with hand on the lever, for a "scorch" or a "smudge" will utterly ruin the hop sample. In some parts of Germany hops are wholly sun-dried, but such curing would not do in American hop-culture. After being kiln-dried, hops are spread in the store-rooms, where natural currents of air through opposite windows complete the drying process, when the baling begins. A bale of hops is 1½ feet high, 2½ feet broad, and 4½ feet long, weighing from 180 to 200 pounds. They are now commonly pressed into this bale by a lever press, though formerly they were stamped in by two men. The old method necessarily injured somewhat the hops by its clumsy grinding process.

Hops may safely be classed as one of the most peculiar and interesting of American crops, and withal most profitable, where they can be raised so as to secure large yields, as in Central New York. Their culture calls for the most intelligent study on the part of American growers.

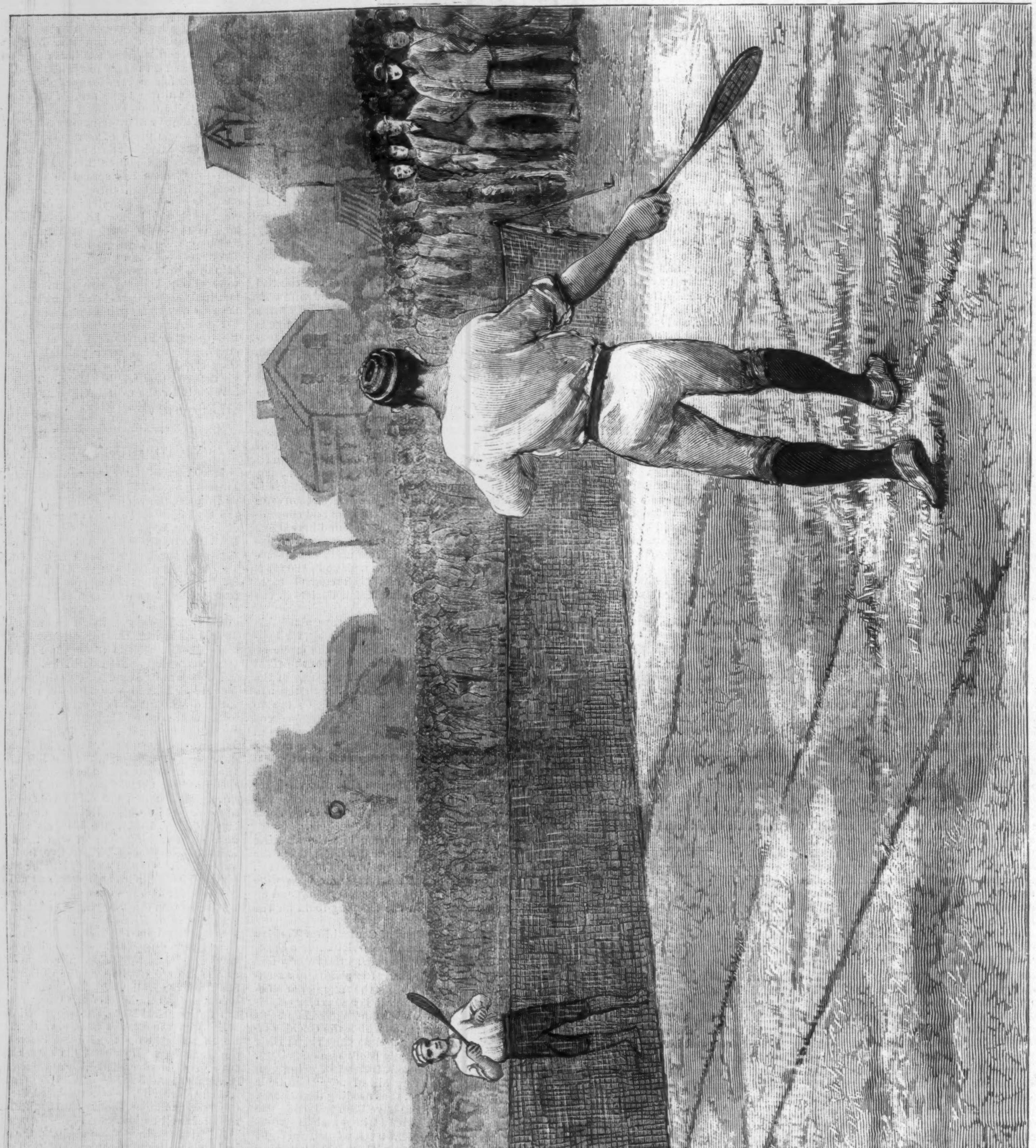
VICTORIOUS IROQUOIS.

MR. PIERRE LORILLARD can congratulate himself upon being the owner of such a colt as Iroquois, the winner of the Derby and of the St. Leger of 1881. There is a famous equine trio, West Australia, Gladiateur, and Lord Lyon, that won consecutively the three great racing events of England, the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby, and the St. Leger. The Yankee colt just escaped making the trio a quartette, for he ran second in the first of these events on the 4th of May at Newmarket, won the second on June 1 at Epsom Downs, and last Wednesday placed himself at the head of the fourteen racers that started with him.

Iroquois is by imported Leamington, dam Maggie B. B., and was bred on the stock farm of Mr. ARISTIDES WELCH, at Chestnut Hill, near Philadelphia. In 1879, Mr. LORILLARD bought all of Mr. WELCH'S Leamington yearlings, good, bad, and indifferent, paying handsomely for the lot, and in the fall a number of the yearlings, Iroquois among them, were shipped to England. He endured the ocean voyage well, and was put into early training, and on the 12th of May, 1880, made his first appearance on a race-course, and won the Newmarket Two-year-old Plate, five furlongs, value £447. On the 25th of May he ran in the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom, and did not get a place; but the next day, on the same course, he won the Two-year-old Stakes, five furlongs, value £175. At Ascot, June 10, he was unplaced for the New Stakes; and at Newmarket, July 6, he took second place for the July Stakes, value £50. Two days later, at the same place, he won the Chesterfield Stakes, value £1160. At Sandown, July 22, he did not get a place for the Great Kingston Two-year-old Plate. At Goodwood, July 27, he won the Levant Stakes, value £860, running second for the Findon Stakes on the same day. He closed his career as a two-year-old under a cloud, for at Doncaster, September 14, and at Newmarket, September 28 and October 11, he was unplaced for the Champagne Stakes, the Hopeful Stakes, and the Clearwell Stakes.

Notwithstanding these defeats, the colt had done well, and the amount of hard work that he accomplished showed the stuff that was in him. He retired in good condition, wintered well, and last spring began the victorious season of 1881 by running second at Newmarket for the Two Thousand Guineas, value £200, on the 4th of May. Two days later he won the Newmarket Stakes, value £275, and on the 17th of the same month walked over for the Burwell Stakes, value £180, at Newmarket. Then came the great Derby, on June 1, when he beat fourteen three-year-olds, and won £6000. June 14 he won the Prince of Wales Stakes, valued at £2800, and on June 16 he won the St. James Palace Stakes, value about £1200. The money value of the St. Leger, which he won September 14, is £5500.

This fortunate and splendid colt, of which we give a picture on page 653, is a handsome brown, with a white stripe in the face, and white around the coronet of the left fore-foot. He has powerful shoulders, and great sweep and strength in his hind-quarters. He has a bad temper, it is said, but that is the result of the spirit that makes him such a great race-horse. He is the tenth Derby winner that has followed up his success by winning the St. Leger at Doncaster.



A GAME OF LAWN TENNIS, STATEN ISLAND CLUB GROUNDS.—Drawn by J. W. Alexander.—[See Page 653.]

PRESIDENT JAMES A. GARF

BORN IN ORANGE, OHIO, NOVEMBER 19, 1831; DIED IN

ARFIELD AFTER DEATH.

IED IN ELBERON, NEW JERSEY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1881.

EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE BUILDING.

INTERIOR VIEW—THE MAIN HALL.

THE NEW HARVARD GYMNASIUM.—From Photographs by Pach.—[See Page 650.]

BROTHERHOOD.

Drawn by the ties divine of sympathy,
The hearts of all the dwellers in our land
Have come together. North and South now stand
No more opposing, but in unity.
How strange a madman's murderous blow should be
The signal, bringing in on every hand
A flood of tenderness so pure and grand,
To prove the nation's heart-felt amity!
Ah, how unlike this generous brotherhood
Was that sad time when all the peaceful bands
That held our people in one common good
Were broken! Let the useful lesson be:
How sweet is peace and all its mild commands;
How dreadful war and all its misery!

Wheeling, West Virginia.

THE FOREMOST GYMNASIUM IN THE WORLD.

Almost a generation ago some of our colleges and universities awoke to the fact that even to get good brain-work it paid to use the body awhile each day, and that it would be well to give the students some sort of a place where they could stretch their lungs and muscles, and where devices which would tempt them to do so stood ready at hand. But the mistake was made that all that was needed was the apparatus, with perhaps a janitor to take care of it, and that the student would find out all the rest himself, and do it. They might almost as well have turned a boy of five loose in a bookstore, and told him to educate himself. Harvard, for instance, built a gymnasium which, for such light as she then had, met some of the demands, in which, though many appliances were wanting which should have been there, quite a sprinkling of the students managed to make commendable progress in the development of their bodies. But, through lack of intelligent and efficient management, it never did a tithe of the good it could and should have done. Some of the apparatus was constantly getting out of order, and often allowed to remain so. There were no bathing facilities, no running course, for a long time no rowing weights, and no one at its head who seemed to at all comprehend what he ought to do, and ought to make it do, for the many hundred youth who would get there about all the bodily development and vigor they would ever have, and to whom that development and vigor would be most important factors in their life's work. Every year it became plainer that the place was wholly inadequate to the wants of a great university—far behind that at Oxford, for example, and indeed of more than one in our own land. The students themselves felt how uninviting it was, and how far from being what it should be, and, save the first month or two each year, scarcely set foot in it.

But one day the good news came that Mr. Augustus Hemenway, of Boston, himself a recent graduate of Harvard, and so familiar with her wants, had determined to build a gymnasium in every way worthy of a university the number of whose students even already approaches that of one of the two great British seats of learning, and seems destined—if our population keeps on doubling every twenty-five years, as it has been doing thus far through this century—to not only equal that of either one, but to surpass them. Messrs. Peabody & Stearns were selected, the architects of the Union League Club House and the United Bank Building in New York, and of many prominent buildings in New England. Mr. Peabody, himself a successful athlete while at Harvard (with whom the writer has pulled many hundred miles in a university boat), well knew from actual test the defects of the old gymnasium, and set about providing one suited to the demand and the times. At an outlay of $100,000 a sightly and substantial building of brick, 125 feet long by 113 feet wide, in the colonial style of architecture, trimmed with Worcester sandstone and roofed with red slate, has been erected on the site of the old white Baptist church, between the Lawrence Scientific School on the one side, and the house where Oliver Wendell Holmes was born on the other. They who have inspected the best gymnasia in Great Britain and on the Continent, as well as those at Chicago, Cincinnati, Boston, Yale, Amherst, and in New York, agree that in scope and thoroughness of equipment, novelty and fitness of apparatus, in the arrangement of rooms for many sorts of exercise, yet with generous space for all, in ample dressing-rooms, facilities for bathing, in lighting, airing, heating, and the many things in such a place which look directly to making it at once peculiarly fit for its purpose and peculiarly attractive to the student, no other gymnasium anywhere approaches it.

Entering from Kirkland Street, you pass through an elaborate porch first to an outer and then an inner vestibule. Before you is a flight of stairs of blue stone from the Palisades, with iron balusters. On the right is a reception-room finished with enamelled brick, opening from which is a pleasant, airy dressing-room 103 feet long, with hundreds of lockers of a kind well worthy of notice. Usually a locker is a small close box, into which clothes, towels, and slippers, moist with perspiration, are thrust, more or less hastily, and allowed so to stay till they are next used. Little or no air gets to them, and of course they tend to sour the air both in the locker and considerably in the gymnasium itself. But those at Harvard have their entire fronts made of upright round rods, set far enough apart to let the air circulate freely, while steam-pipes run through them all, drying the clothes in a short time, and so aiding to keep the place pure and sweet. And indeed not only in this locker-room, but everywhere throughout the building, you find this same order, tidiness, and fresh air—most important elements in all good housekeeping.

In the old gymnasium the authorities were careful to provide for the ablutions of the students, moist and glowing from their hot hard exercise, that is to say, for the thousand and more students in the university there was one wash-basin, and the closet it stood in was scarcely three feet wide. But here are two large and attractive bath-rooms fitted up with many basins, half-length and full-length bath-tubs of soap-stone, and every convenience one might wish. Between these rooms comes a novel and very interesting feature, one of the chief of the many attractions of this superb gymnasium. It is a bright little room, about twelve by fifteen feet, done in white enamelled brick. Here you may have your vapor or needle bath, many little jets of hot and cold water playing on you from above, below, and all sides, with a shower-bath overhead broad enough for a giant, while the cement floor is so arranged as to quickly draw off the falling water. Whoever has taken much exercise well knows the delicious feeling the good bath brings right after the work is done, and while he is hot and moist. How this luxury could be better enjoyed than in this same little room it would be difficult to imagine, while both it and the bath-rooms are so near the long dressing-room, and the temperature of the entire building is kept so uniform and comfortable, that the chance of catching cold after bathing is slight.

Before looking at the main hall, step down this broad staircase here at the side, and you find that the basement is almost a gymnasium in itself. Here are eight bowling-alleys, with the very narrow floor boards admirably smooth and level, and every appliance for returning the balls, keeping scores, and the like, while each alley has ample standing and running room for the players, so that they will not interfere with those on either side of them. Even the ceiling is not left rough, as in most basements, but is finished neatly in varnished Southern pine, while all the light one could wish streams in through many windows by day, and from many jets by night, for the building is lighted throughout with gas. Here is a large room, taking up the whole north end of the basement, high between joints, the entire sides and ends covered with stout wire netting, and the floor of level earth, trodden hard. This is for base-ball, lacrosse, and tennis practice, so that lovers of these games need not care whether it is winter or summer, for here they can keep at their favorite exercise all the year to their hearts' content. Adjoining this are two rooms, the one hung with foils and masks, and the various paraphernalia of the fencer's art, the other with the stuffed gloves of the boxers, while there is ample room in each for half a dozen couples to ply their manly art. It would have delighted the heart of Charles Sumner, "the eftest boxer in the university" in his day, or Wendell Phillips, himself a skillful fencer, to have had apartments like these at their disposal. Near by is the store-room, with duplicate supplies of all sorts, enough to almost equip any ordinary gymnasium, ready to be fitted up the moment the ones now in place get out of gear.

Returning now to the main hall, notice first what a grand room it is, 115 feet long by 84 feet wide, with a clear height of 54 feet from floor to ridge, for it arches up somewhat in the centre. A massive rail keeps visitors—and they average a hundred a day, Dr. Sargent says, and from all parts of the country—from interfering with the students while at work. The roof is open, of hard pine, with open-timbered trusses of the same material, all handsomely finished, and resting on great brackets. Look upward as high as an ordinary ceiling. What a vast net-work of iron frames and crossing bars and rods and sails, all seeming at first to be hopelessly entangled with each other, till they form almost a ceiling by themselves! But a moment's scrutiny shows that there is no confusion, that every appliance has its own space, in no way interfering with any other, and as fit for its work as skill and care can make it. Here hang stout cotton ropes and thinner hemp ones, all running high upward, knotted and plain, loose and taut; shining poles polished by much wear, trapezes single, double, long, short—all sorts; swinging rings, some parallel, others in long lines away down to the other end of the hall; horizontal ladders, vertical ladders, sloping ladders, some down here by you, some away up there in the roof, everything almost that can be devised for him fond of climbing upward, each and all so secure that you scarcely think of danger, while, by handy guys and sliding eye-bolts and beams, you may haul out of the way or shift nearly any one of them in a moment. Huge mats a foot thick lie spread on the polished floor beneath ready for you if you fall, while for the high and lofty tumbler here is a great broad net of stout cords stretched across the room, up several feet in the air, handy to catch in its downward flight either the dizzy zampillaerostationist, or the benighted Freshman who wins the toss at the hands of the gallant but misguided Sophomores. Notice these swinging rings, how carefully they are made. Not the old-fashioned plain round iron ring, perhaps jacketed in smooth sheep-skin, which soon grows slippery to the grasp, but of stirrup shape, fitting your hand to a nicety, and cased in rough white rubber, on which you can get a grip like a vise. There is nothing awkward or ill suited to its work anywhere. The trapeze bars are just right. The rungs of the ladders are many of them of iron, giving immense strength. On this horizontal ladder overhead you may swing a short distance between grips; here a long distance. On these iron rungs of the vertical ladders you may hook sloping parallel bars like those in the interior view, the use of which will be explained hereafter.

One of the best things about the main floor itself, showing that there is a head here which understands its work—one of the best possible features in a gymnasium—is that almost the entire floor is kept clear, so that men may work in groups or singly, or in any way they like, tumble, jump, climb, swing, or run, without being interfered with either by necessary apparatus, or by that often at once cumbrous and well-nigh useless. A fine large open space like this, with the tools all ready at hand for any work you like, invites directly to exercise and enjoyment. That broad board sloping sharply upward, set out there for a moment, is a spring-board, made purposely for either high or long-distance jumping, where first you take a sharp run, then spring from this board with all your might and main; while over there at the corner is a glorious great stationary spring-board ten feet long, and resting on elastic bars, inviting you to numberless sorts of leg-work. Parallel bars, high, low, long, short, stationary, and graduating, the vaulting horse, the horizontal bar, the vaulting bar, and other substantial apparatus of many kinds, skirt the hall, everything in order, and each distinctly numbered. What impresses you is the multitude and variety, yet each device so well made, so adapted to its work, and always ready for use.

In another article we will endeavor to lay before the reader diagrams of some of the more novel and interesting of these many handy appliances, also to see whether they are doing the good they should be or not.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1288.]

FOR CASH ONLY.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "From Exile," "Under One Roof," "Walter's Word," "Won—not Wooed," "What He Cost Her," etc.

CHAPTER V.

A PROTRACTED LUNCHEON.

Scarcely had doctor and patient been closeted in Mr. Lyster's study, when, to Clare's astonishment and dismay, Gerald made his appearance. He had missed the train, it seemed, for Middleton, and "taken a trap" home.

"Well, 'pon my life," he said, as he beheld the well-appointed luncheon table, with the remains of the feast upon it, "you and the governor know what's good between you! When I'm with you I never see a spread like this. By Jingo! Madeira too!"

It was evident that Gerald had no suspicion that there was a stranger in the house, and it was no part of Clare's duty to undeceive him. If she could conceal the fact of Dr. Bell's presence, even though in doing so she should incur the charge of *gourmandise*, she felt that she would be acting in accordance with her father's wishes. The question was how to get her half-brother out of the way before the doctor took leave of his patient.

For so young a man Gerald had no great appetite; but, on the other hand, he had what, in default of a more recognized expression, I have heard termed drinkitite, and he never threw it away upon water. After he had applied himself in the ordinary way to the refreshments, he cleared a space before him for the Madeira, and began to help himself at regular intervals in a manner that obviously meant business. Clare began to get nervous on two accounts: first, lest he should outlast the doctor; second, lest he should give way to a certain weakness, which he was unhappily known to entertain, and take more liquor than was good for himself, or agreeable to other people.

"Remember, Gerald, that Madeira is not the sort of wine people take much of in the middle of the day."

"I know it isn't. But the reason is because they can't get it. If it's good for an invalid—for I suppose it is for the governor, and not your own peculiar tipple—it must be good for everybody." And the speaker laughed triumphantly, as one who has established a logical position, and helped himself to another glass.

The conditions were not the most favorable to him as regarded personal appearance. Whenever Gerald imagined he had got the better of a fellow-creature, he was given to chuckle. And next to sniggering, the chuckle is the most obnoxious of all forms of humor. Neither the painter nor the sculptor would have seized this particular moment, had they had the opportunity, to immortalize our young friend. His face, indeed, had a roseate flush upon it, but there his attractions ended; his head was on one side; his left eye, half closed, darted forth a glance of superhuman cunning; and his mouth was distended with a grin.

"You must take care not to miss another train, Gerald," observed his sister, gravely.

"I didn't miss the other, it was the cab-horse. You don't suppose I walked?"

"No, indeed, I do not. It would be better for you, my dear boy, if you were more fond of walking."

"Yah!"

The above monosyllable, though not a graceful, is a very significant, expression, and when it is accompanied by a projection of the lower lip, it fulfills all the conditions of Demosthenian eloquence; the action is suitable to the word, and the word to the action.

"Not fond of walking! That shows how much you know about it. Why, I played at pool five hours yesterday. I should have been playing now if I could have got anybody to play with me. I do believe Stokeville is the slowest place in all England."

"I suppose, in the middle of the day at least, gentlemen have something else to do than play at billiards."

"Then they ain't gentlemen. Gentlemen are people who have nothing to do except enjoy themselves."

"That is one definition of them, no doubt."

"Gad! it's the only one that I know of. Do you suppose that real gentlemen—Frank Farrer, for example, and men like that—pass their time in a country house or a mill?"

"There is no occasion for Mr. Farrer to do so. He is not a manufacturer nor an employer of labor, at least of the kind that requires supervision. He is born, remember, to a great estate."

"His governor is no richer than my governor, and why should I work any more than he? Do you think just because—" Here the young man stopped himself, and concluded his sentence, somewhat precipitately, with another "Yah!" It had occurred to his mind to make some remarks upon second marriages, with an inquiry why the issue thereof should be held inferior to that from first marriages, the whole to conclude with a particular application to his own case; but something in his sister's face prevented it; it was grave and sad, but unmistakably full of kind intention.

"My dear Gerald, I do so wish you would think differently about work, if it were only to please our father. Think what a difference it would make to him now that he is so ill—and—and in such danger, if he could persuade himself that you intended to turn over a new leaf, and be a credit to us all."

"Difference to him! I can't see that; what's the good of my promising when I know that he won't believe me?"

The observation had at least the charm of *naïveté*, but his companion's face grew graver than ever as she replied: "And has he not had good reason to disbelieve you, Gerald? If he himself was speaking to you, he would adjure you to love work for its own sake; to let that employment have some attraction for you which he himself has pursued so diligently all his life, and to which, materially, he owes so much. But I know such arguments have little weight with you. I would entreat you rather to amend your ways for your father's sake. He can not be long with us; it lies with you to soothe and comfort his last hours, or imbitter them."

"Well, if I thought I'd any chance of altering his mind toward me, that would be another thing," mused Gerald, lifting the remains of a glass of wine to his lips.

It would have been clear to a less intelligent observer than his present companion that this young man's thoughts were taking a more practical direction than that of moral duty; but Clare charitably ignored that circumstance.

"It is never too late to mend, Gerald. Consider how differently every other young man in your position conducts himself. Look at your cousin Herbert."

"He is not my cousin, to begin with," answered Gerald, curtly. "And as to the mill, he hates it, and has cut the whole concern."

"That is because his tastes lie in another direction."

"Just my case," said Gerald, coolly, filling his glass with the last of the Madeira.

"Nay, it is not your case. Herbert is devoted to scientific pursuits."

"I can give him twenty out of fifty at billiards, anyway."

"He is only exchanging one kind of work," continued Clare, taking no notice of this vaunt, "for another, for which he has a particular bent. Idleness is abhorrent to him. Then, again, there is Percy; he has a position much more assured than you have, yet see how diligent he is."

"Is he? That shows how much you know about it. But never mind that," he added, abruptly. "Do you suppose if Percy were as sure of getting his uncle's money as Frank Farrer, for instance, is of getting his father's, that he would go down to that mill every day to be poisoned with oil and grease? No, no! Of course you're spooney on him, and will believe anything, but Master Percy knows on which side his bread is buttered, I promise you."

"There is nothing more contemptible, Gerald, than the imputation of a bad motive to good conduct."

"I said nothing about a bad motive," returned the young man, coolly; "it's only human nature. Do you suppose Percy would have come courting you if he could have got his cousin Milly? Not a bit of it. When one can't get the best, one must put up with the second best."

This speech was delivered with such exceeding gravity, and with a confidence so very marked, that Clare could not repress a smile.

"It is something, at all events," she said, good-naturedly, "to be even second best."

"No doubt it is something," answered Gerald, who had now finished the bottle, and was in that malevolent and grudging condition of mind which too much wine often induces in low natures; "but it isn't justice. You're a gal, and I'm a man. It isn't right that gals should have money; they don't want it. Ain't I my father's only son? When he is gone, shall not I be his repre—" (a long word was by this time a considerable obstacle to his tongue)—"representative? And shouldn't I have the money to keep up the position?"

He accompanied this sentiment in favor of hereditary rights with a thump on the table that made the glasses ring.

"Gerald! Gerald! pray be quiet," implored the girl, alarmed at his vehemence; "remember how ill papa is."

"Quiet! Yes, of course you wish to be quiet and keep good friends. When we have got all we want, and it ought to go to other people, there is nothing we hate so much as a row."

"I don't know what you mean, Gerald; I have nothing of yours that I am aware of."

"No, but you're going to get it, Miss Innocence; at least you hope so, and Percy hopes so too. Yah!"

This revelation of the young gentleman's secret sentiments—being, too, her own kith and kin, though only on one side—was certainly very unpleasant to his companion; it was like being shown, under a very powerful microscope, the creatures in the water we drink, or in the air we breathe. But what was most dreadful to Clare was the impossibility of getting rid of the young man before the time when the carriage was ordered to take Dr. Bell to the station, of whose presence in the house he still knew nothing, and of which, as she guessed, her father would wish his son, of all men, not to know. With Gerald's drinking habits she was, unfortunately, already acquainted; but in his own home—though he had once or twice been brought thither in a quiescent state—he had hitherto put some restraint on himself. It was now clear that he was growing quarrelsome and noisy. Clare was almost at her wits' end, when there came a ring at the front-door bell. She ran out to reiterate her father's orders to say he was particularly engaged, when, to her great relief, she found the visitor to be her cousin Herbert.

Without a word of question, or even of greeting, she whispered: "Oh, Bertie, Gerald is here, and in such a state—I mean ill-humored, and inclined for mischief" (for even then she did not like to say her brother had taken too much wine). "Pray take him away before my father sees him."

Herbert nodded, and went into the dining-room at once. Gerald turned round in his chair and confronted him sulkily.

"Oh, it's you, is it? I thought you were at the Junction."

"And I thought you were at Middleton. We are both, it seems, playing truant."

Gerald grew suspicious at once. Muddled though he was, he had sense enough to perceive that the other wished to conciliate him, which naturally rendered him antagonistic. The idea, too, of Herbert playing truant was incredible.

"If you are coming after what you can get, Master Herbert, I hope it ain't the Madeira, because it's gone."

"So I see," returned the other, in a tone which implied, in spite of himself, "and also who has taken it."

"There was very little, to begin with; Clare and the governor had been at it before I came," observed Gerald, cunningly.

Clare forced a smile, and Herbert, trying to fall into the young man's humor (not with much success, as was not to be wondered at, considering that he yearned to thrash the humorist to within an inch of his life), remarked that every one knew what great wine-drinkers his uncle and cousin were.

Gerald nodded defiantly; he felt that there was a scheme for his overthrow, though he did not associate it with wishing to get rid of his company. He held himself ready to object to every proposition.

"I smell tobacco," said he; "let's smoke."

"We can't smoke here," answered Herbert. "We will go out and have a stroll."

"I hate strolls," said Gerald, sententiously; "when I walk I must always have an omjeck—an object."

If he could have seen a looking-glass, there would have been no need for his walking; the speaker was an object himself, and a very repulsive one. Flushed, sulky, and suspicious, he glanced from one to the other of his two companions like a baited bull.

"If Clare were not here," thought Herbert, "I would knock you down, stuff a napkin into your mouth, and carry you off in your own fly"—which he had noticed was still waiting at the door for him.

"If you two want to be alone," said Gerald, pompously, "you will be disappointed. I don't think it's right; I won't permit it, in justice to Percy."

Herbert mechanically seized a napkin: he felt like a Thug.

"No; unless I can get somebody to play billiards with me, here I stick till my train is due."

"I shall be very happy to play billiards with you," observed Herbert, coldly.

"Yah! *you* can't play billiards."

"I'll play *you*, at all events, for what you like."

"For what I like?" The wild beast of greed that lived within the soul of Gerald began to show itself. "Do you mean for money? Then I'm your man!"

He rose, dipped his napkin in a finger-glass, and mopped his forehead. "Now I'm ready for you."

They went out together at once, but as Gerald got into the fly his suspicions began to re-awaken; he stood up in it, swaying from side to side as he did so. "I say, no larks! I can't afford to waste my time. I am not going to play for sixpences."

"Go *on!*" cried Herbert to the flyman, and at the same time jerked at his companion's coat tails, so that he fell backward in the seat all of a heap.

"*I say!*" exclaimed Gerald, complainingly, but not with the ill temper he had shown a few minutes ago; there was something in the other's face that awed him. "That shook me like the deuce. You want to shatter my nerves to put me off my play. But it won't do; I'm as fit as can be. I'll play you at pyramids for half a crown a ball."

"Very good."

The ill-assorted pair drove on till they were in the outskirts of the town. Then, "How much do you count upon to win of me?" inquired Herbert, coolly.

"Why, hang me, how did you guess I was thinking about that?" returned the other, naïvely. "Well, I calculate the next three-quarters of an hour—for we have fully that to spare—you will be worth two pound ten to yours truly."

"Well, I'll give you three pounds to let me off."

"What? You'll pay forfeit, will you? By all means."

Herbert produced the money at once, and paid it over to him.

"Come, that's a good stroke of business," said Gerald, triumphantly.

"But it's understood that you go to Middleton, or, at all events, not home again."

"You didn't say *that*," said Gerald, cunningly. "Why, it's flat bribery. You want to see Clare alone, which is very unfair to Percy. I really could not permit it—at least not for three pounds."

Herbert turned very white. "I have no wish to be alone with Clare, but you are not in a fit state to go home at present, and you shall not do it."

"But suppose I do do it?"

"If you do," said Herbert, giving him a look (which, to say the truth, was not a pretty one) from which the other shrank in alarm, "as sure as your name's Gerald, I'll break every bone in your skin."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

There is a wild rumor in the neighborhood of Beacon Hill to the effect that a party of Boston young ladies have been making a tour of the White Mountains in a hay-rack.

The first passenger-car that was ever run from the United States into Mexican territory crossed the boundary a few days ago near El Paso.

Many years ago, when Stephen Foster, the stanch old abolitionist and general reformer, who died not long ago at his pleasant home near Worcester, Massachusetts, was making one of his most earnest speeches in a meeting of agitators, a young woman arose from one of the front seats—so the story goes—and shaking her fist in the speaker's face, shouted, "It's a lie, Stephen Foster—it's a lie!" The interruption came from Abby Kelly, who not long afterward became Abby Kelly Foster. "Whether this was the beginning of their love-making or not," says the writer, "we can not say. The story is only second-hand from one who was an eye-and-ear witness of the amusing incident."

By way of apology for allowing a woman-passenger to retain her money, one of the perpetrators of the recent train robbery in Missouri said, "The next time we undertake a job of this kind we will have a lady to search the lady-passengers." The woman was not too frightened to express a doubt whether the robbers could secure the services of a lady in that capacity.

The secretaries of the Chinese legation in Washington occupied a box at a minstrel entertainment the other evening, and laughed at the jokes. Chinese history goes back to a very early day, and these gentlemen are undoubtedly conversant with it; but it should be explained that the earlier Oriental writers did not incorporate in their works the current jokes of the period.

An Idaho newspaper started out with the purpose of being accurate, and it does not propose, at this early day, to begin making corrections. Thus when it was asked to print a statement from a man whose death it had announced with a glowing obituary, the communication was headed, "A Card from a Corpse."

A man in the garb of a laborer stopped and read as follows from the physicians' six-o'clock evening bulletin, posted in front of a newspaper office: "The President has experienced since the issuance of the morning bulletin further amelioration of symptoms." "Faith, he'll die now, sure," said the bewildered working-man. "He was never tuck like that before."

The voice of misrepresentation always follows the great, and sometimes it gets ahead of them. King Kalakaua is shortly to arrive in this country, where already the report is in print that the regular army of the Sandwich Islands "consists of six generals, two colonels, thirteen field officers, twenty-four line officers, sixty privates, and a dog."

Hearing that the President could get no squirrel of which to make the broth that he craved, two little girls in Pennsylvania sent their pet squirrel to Elberon by express.

The Farmers' Club of this city has raised the question whether weather prophets are of any use. That is a question which seems never to have been intended for serious treatment, and even the grave and practical agriculturists made a fiasco of the attempted discussion.

The brevity of the Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon's prayer at the Groton centennial has been made a subject of comment by the New England press. The Hartford *Courant* explains: "The fact is that when the doctor's purse was stolen, his cash and the notes for his prayer disappeared at the same time." This would seem to be a case of "papers of no value except to the owner"—certainly of no value to the thief.

Religious training in Michigan sometimes takes a queer turn. A father offered his daughter ten dollars if she would climb the church steeple, stand on the top, and hurrah for Bob Ingersoll. It is recorded that she obtained the reward.

The first student-waiters employed in a summer hotel went to the White Mountains some nine years ago from Bates College. There were thirty or forty of them, and it is said that they proved so numerous that the proprietor has never since taken more than eight or nine from a single college. Since this beginning, very many students have spent their vacations in that manner in New England. A year ago a party of Dartmouth boys came as waiters to Coney Island, but returned after an experience of a few weeks. The throngs who dine at that resort are not, generally speaking, made up of those who would detect evidences of familiarity with the classics and higher mathematics in the manner of bringing on the soup, fish, and other dishes. In the mountain resorts of New England the student-waiters find employment the most congenial, and it is said that besides the embryo preachers, doctors, and lawyers, many girl-graduates and Yankee school-ma'ams are engaged in the manipulation of the china and glass ware.

AFTER THE JOURNEY.

AN INVOCATION.

O Winds of heaven that sweep the land and sea,
Now come with gracious healing on your wings,
And whisper to the sufferer tenderly
Of rest, and health, and home, and pleasant things.

Blow strong, North Wind, keen from the gulfs of ice,
And balmy with the healthful scent of pine,
For thy pure breath holds medicine beyond price,
And cordial richer than the rarest wine.

Or, West Wind, if thou blow, then hither roam,
O'er wide green plains and rustling fields of corn,
That thou may bring with thee a dream of home,
And cattle lowing in the early morn.

But, South Wind, come across the tossing sea,
And blend thy perfume with its strong salt breeze,
So thy soft tones a lullaby shall be
Unto the weary one, till sleep bring ease

And happy dreams to cheer his painful way,
Sweet dreams of health and life begun anew,
So that, some hour awakening, he may say,
At last! at last! Thank God, my dreams come true!

THE FATHER.

[Translated from the Norwegian of Björnstjerne Björnson by H. L. Brækstad.]

The man we are going to tell you the following story about was the most influential and wealthy farmer in the parish; his name was Thord Overaas.

One day he came into the study of the minister of the parish, looking very important and solemn.

"I have got a son," he said, "and I want to have him christened."

"What are you going to call him?"

"Finn, after my father."

"And his godfathers and godmothers?"

Thord mentioned some of the most respected men and women in the parish—all relations of his.

"Is there anything else?" inquired the minister, and looked up.

The farmer hesitated a little. "I would like to have him christened by himself."

"On a week-day, do you mean?"

"On Saturday next, at noon."

"Is there anything else?" asked the minister.

"No, I think not." The farmer was twisting his cap in his hands as if he was going.

The minister rose. "Only this," said he, and went toward Thord, took his hands, and looked into his eyes: "God grant that the child may be a blessing to you!"

One day, sixteen years later, Thord was standing in the minister's room.

"You carry your age well," said the minister. He saw scarcely any change in him.

"Oh, well, I have no troubles," replied Thord.

The minister was silent; but after a while he inquired, "What is your pleasure tonight, Thord?"

"I have come about that son of mine; he is going to be confirmed to-morrow."

"Yes; he is a clever lad."

"I didn't like to pay the parson before I knew what number he is going to have amongst the boys in church to-morrow."*

"He is going to have Number One."

"Well, I've heard say so. Here are ten dollars for the parson."

"Is there anything else I can do for you?" said the minister.

"No, nothing else," answered Thord, and left.

Eight years have passed, and the minister was sitting in his study one day, when he heard a noise of some people outside the door. Several men walked in; Thord was the first to enter.

The minister looked up and recognized him. "You come with a whole company to-night," he said.

"Yes. I want you to publish the banns for my son; he is going to be married to Karen Storliden, daughter of Gudmund, who is now here with me."

"Ah, she is the richest girl in the parish."

"So they say," answered the farmer, pushing back his hair with one hand.

The minister sat some time as if in thought; he said nothing, but entered the names in his book, and the men signed it.

Thord put three dollars on the table.

"My fee is only one dollar," said the minister.

"Yes, I know; but he is my only child.

* In Norway, and especially in the country, the order of precedence amongst the children on the day of confirmation is a matter of great importance, and it is considered a great honor for a boy to have "stood No. 1 on the church floor," as they call it.

I wish to do it handsomely."

The minister took the money.

"This is the third time, Thord, you have been here on behalf of your son."

"Yes; but now I am ready with him." Thord folded his pocket-book together, said "good-evening," and went out; the others followed him slowly.

Fourteen days after this the father and son were rowing across the lake to Storliden to talk over the wedding.

"This thwart does not lie steady," said the son, and got up off his seat to put it right. At this moment the loose board in the bottom of the boat on which he was standing slipped, and in trying to balance himself, he fell overboard with a loud shriek.

"Catch hold of the oar," shouted the father, and stretched it out to him. But the son made only a couple of strokes toward it, when he was seized with cramp.

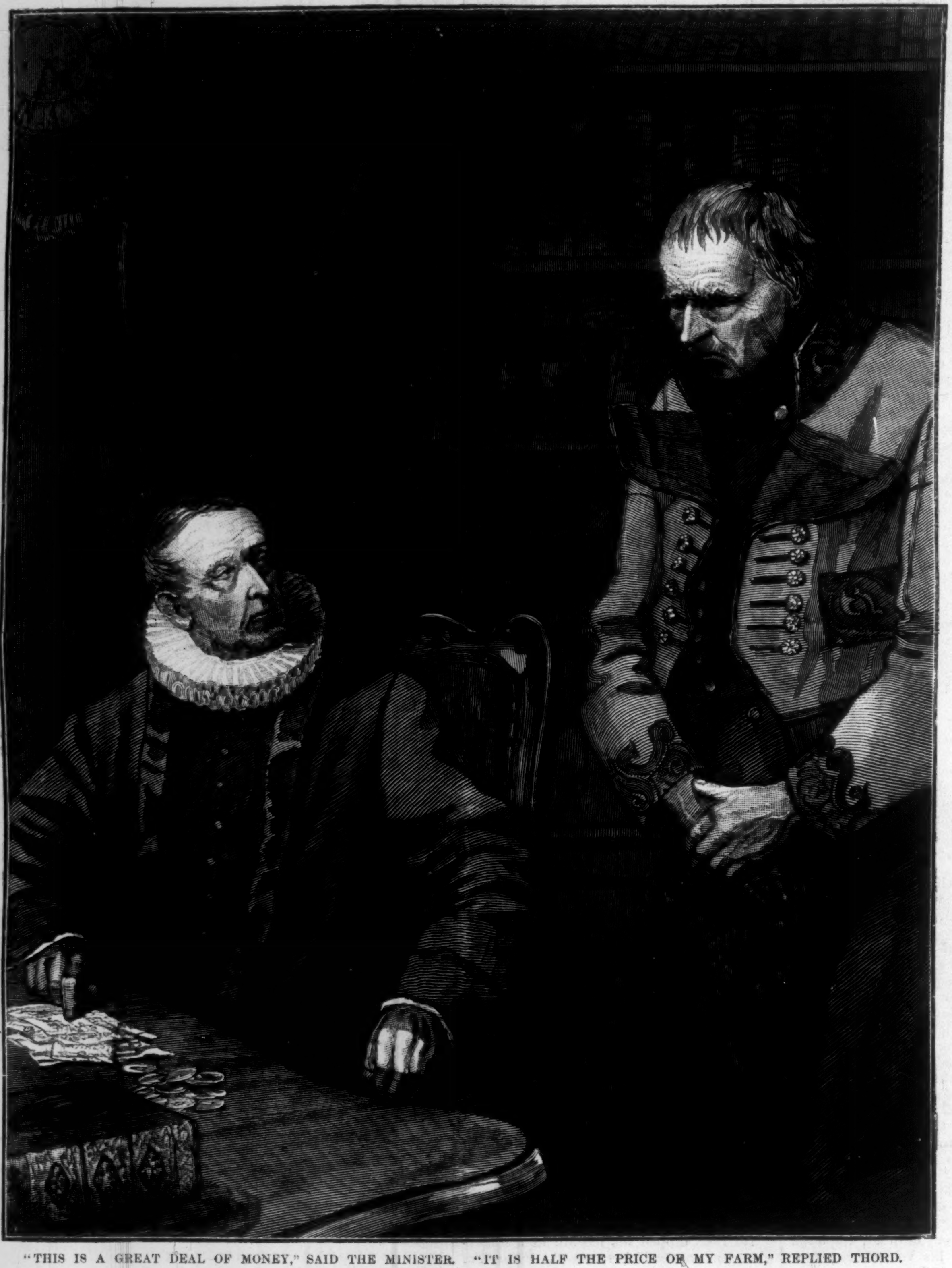
"Wait a bit," cried the father, and rowed nearer.

The son fell back, gave the father a long look, and sank.

Thord would not believe it; he kept the boat on the same spot, and fixed his eyes where the son sank, as if he expected him to come up again. Some bubbles rose to the surface; still a few more, and then a large one; it burst, and the lake lay as smooth as a mirror.

For three days and three nights they saw the father rowing round that spot, without taking food or rest. He was dragging the lake for the body of his son.

On the morning of the third day he found it, and carried it up over the hills to his farm.



"THIS IS A GREAT DEAL OF MONEY," SAID THE MINISTER. "IT IS HALF THE PRICE OF MY FARM," REPLIED THORD.

A year had scarcely passed, when the minister, late one autumn evening, heard some one outside the door of his room trying to find the latch. The minister opened the door, and a tall man, with gray hair, and somewhat bowed down, entered the room. The minister looked a long time at him before he recognized him: it was Thord.

"Are you so late out?" said the minister, and stood still before him.

"Yes, I am late out," said Thord, and sat down.

The minister sat down also, waiting for Thord to speak; there was a long silence.

"I have got something with me which I wish to give to the poor," said Thord at last. "I should like it invested as a legacy in my son's name." He rose, put some money on the table, and sat down again.

The good minister counted the money. "This is a great deal of money," he said.

"It is half the price of my farm. I have sold it today."

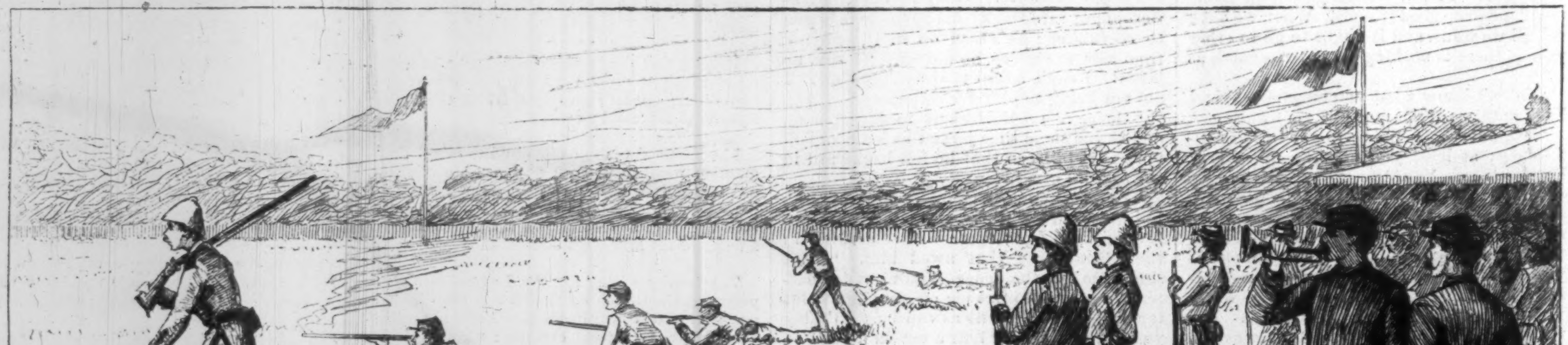
The minister sat long in silence; at last he said, quite gently, to him, "And what will you do now, Thord?"

"Something better."

They sat silent again for some time, Thord with his eyes upon the floor, the minister with his eyes fixed upon Thord.

Gently and slowly the minister said, "I believe your son has become a blessing to you at last."

"Yes, I think so myself," said Thord, and two big tears rolled slowly down his cheeks.



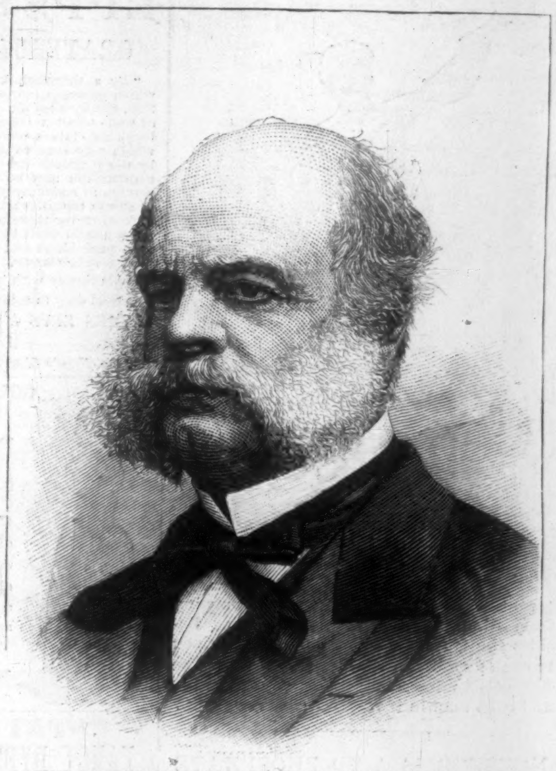
RIFLE PRACTICE AT CREEDMOOR.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 654.]

THE LATE GENERAL BURNSIDE.

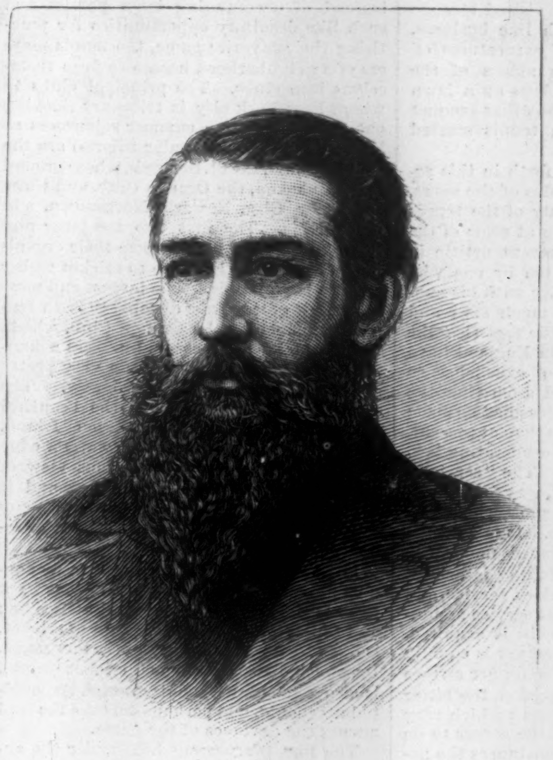
GENERAL AMBROSE EVERETT BURNSIDE, the third commander of the Army of the Potomac during the war, ex-Governor of Rhode Island, and United States Senator from the same State, died at his home in Bristol September 13, aged fifty-seven years. He was one of the central figures in the history of the civil war, and was in almost continuous active service from the day when the first call for volunteers was made by President LINCOLN.

General BURNSIDE was a native of Indiana, having been born in the little town of Liberty, in that State, May 23, 1824. His father and mother were born in South Carolina, and went to Indiana in 1813, where they were afterward married. Mr. EDGEHILL BURNSIDE was a successful lawyer. AMBROSE EVERETT was the fifth child, and he received a good common-school education; but just as this was completed, and the boy was preparing for a collegiate course, his father's business failed. Mr. BURNSIDE lost his property, and the boys set themselves to work to help him out of his troubles. AMBROSE entered into service as a clerk in a little country store. He did not remain in this uncongenial business long, however. His father had entertained a desire for a long time to have one of his sons educated as a soldier, and as AMBROSE appeared to have a greater inclination for a military life than either one of the other boys, it was decided to endeavor to secure his appointment as a cadet at West Point. The popularity of the boy even at this early age is shown by the fact that the entire Congressional delegation of the State of Indiana united in the petition in his favor to the member having the appointment, and he entered the Military Academy at West Point July 1, 1843, having just passed his eighteenth year. He was graduated in the class of 1847, his rank being 18 in a class of thirty-eight.

He served for a time with credit as an officer of artillery on the frontier. In 1853 he resigned his commission, and turned his attention to the manufacture of guns, and invented the rifle which bears his name. He was for a time associated with General GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN in business in Chicago, but was a citizen of New York in 1861. During the war he participated in many battles, became greatly distinguished, and attained the highest honors and titles of the service. In 1866 he was elected Governor of Rhode Island, and in 1867 and 1868 was re-elected. In 1875 he was elected to the United States Senate from Rhode Island, his term expiring on the 4th of last March, but he was re-elected last winter for the term expiring in 1887. His wife died several years ago, and he leaves no children.



THE LATE HON. A. E. BURNSIDE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BELL.



THE LATE SIDNEY LANIER.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. S. CUMMINGS.

SIDNEY LANIER.

BY the death of SIDNEY LANIER the country has lost a man of real genius, whose work, excellent as it was, gave promise of greater performances in the future. He was born at Macon, Georgia, in 1842, and was the son of a leading lawyer of that city. His health was never robust, and his work was always accomplished under the disadvantages of physical weakness.

In 1872 Mr. LANIER removed to Baltimore, where he became lecturer on English literature in the Johns Hopkins University. In 1875 he published a prose volume, *Florida*, and in the following year he came prominently before the country as the author of the cantata sung at the opening of the Centennial Exposition, May 10, "From this hundred-terraced height." In the same year a volume of his poems was published by the Messrs. LIPPINCOTT, of Philadelphia, to whose magazine he was a frequent contributor. Last year, besides editing a *Boys' Froissart* and a *Boys' King Arthur*, Mr. LANIER gave to the world a volume on *The Science of English Verse*, which was highly and deservedly praised both for its vigor and its originality. He was proficient also in music, and a member of the "Peabody Orchestra"—an association for the cultivation of classical music, maintained in connection with the Peabody Institute.

Mr. LANIER died on the 8th inst., at Lynn, Polk County, North Carolina, where he had gone to seek relief from the disease—consumption—from which he had been many years a sufferer. He was well known and esteemed in New York, and counted among his intimate friends most of the literary men of this city.

LAWN TENNIS.

WHEN some seven years ago Major WINGFIELD introduced the game of lawn tennis, he found a jaded public hungry for a new out-door pastime. Croquet had come and conquered, but it had not in itself the elements of permanence as a game, and it was already in its decadence. It owed much of its past success to its usefulness in bringing people together for aimless out-door social enjoyment rather than to any intrinsic excellence as a game. Making no demand on physical strength and endurance, and as at first played calling for but little skill, it was preeminently a game for garden parties. No special costume was necessary to its perfect enjoyment. The suit, whether of masculine or feminine attire, which was best adapted for sitting on garden seats under trees, listening to music diluted with small-talk, and eating ice-cream, was equally well adapted to the best practice of croquet as at first understood. But croquet, recognizing the fact that it was, after all, but a vapid game, felt called upon to take thought for its development if it would hold its own. And so it grew into a game requiring a talent for grasping combinations almost as great as that required in chess, and a skillful union of hand and eye but little inferior to that demanded by billiards.

Its development was its downfall. It was no longer a game for lawn parties. Experts required a five-inch wicket, which only exceeded the diameter of the ball by half an inch. Of course croquet, as a social force, could not go to this extreme. Again, even when other things were favorable, experts were unwilling to jeopardize their reputations by playing with mallets of diverse weights and unaccustomed handles, and so they had to take their own mallets

"IROQUOIS," THE WINNER OF THE DERBY AND THE ST. LEGER, AND HIS JOCKEY, FRED ARCHER.—[SEE PAGE 647.]

with them whenever they visited strange lawns. This was too much like business, and anything savoring of earnestness of purpose (save, perhaps, in affairs of the heart) was quite out of place at a lawn party. Hence it came about that croquet was moribund when lawn tennis started into being.

It is not proposed to set forth in this article the rules and principles of the sport, nor to teach the whole duty of the tennis player, but merely to glance at some of the aspects of the game. A recent article in an English magazine, written by one who shows a thorough familiarity with his subject, and handles it with much skill and humor, opens our eyes to the fact that the best lawn tennis players in England have arrived at a high state of excellence, so high, indeed, that it would seem that the time will come when the rules must be made narrower and more rigorous than at present, to prevent the game from degenerating into one of the exact sciences. The "service," or first starting of the ball, was formerly—that is, two or three years ago—what most players mainly relied upon. It is a stroke which may be always played under the same conditions, and so nothing is needed but to discover what is the best service, and when found, to practice that service assiduously until the requisite skill is acquired. But what is sauce for the server is equally sauce for the served. If the former strikes the balls with uniform precision, the latter receives them under conditions which vary only with the inability of the server to do his best. Under any circumstances the necessity for the ball, when served, to fall within a certain limited area, comprising only about one-fourth of his court, obviates any real difficulty in the case of a first-rate player.

And it is right that it should be so. The service is merely the starting of a round, or "rally," and it would be absurd in the extreme if the rules were such that a served ball could be killed with certainty time and again by a player whose skill in service was not superior to that of his opponent in general play. The correctness of this principle is recognized in the rule which forbids "volleying" the service, that is, striking it before it has touched the ground—a practice which would enable an inferior player to kill even the best service, and would, in effect, reduce the game to service and nothing besides.

Among players, however, who are not first rate the service still holds its own as an important part of the game, and one which it is well worth while to cultivate. Perhaps the most effective of the several styles is the swift overhand service, in which the ball loses none of its force by rising and then falling, but uses it all by maintaining a declining trajectory during the whole of its course. The objection to this service is that it is a great strain on the fore-arm—so great, indeed, as sometimes to incapacitate a player from using his arm for days together. Next to the overhand comes the swift side-stroke service, where the ball starts from an elevation about equal to that of the net, and falls close up to the boundary line of the service court. The underhand services are all easy, whether they be "cut"—that is, made to twist on touching the ground, by reason of the "side effect" put upon them—or merely tossed over the net. But of all kinds of service by far the most effective is that sometimes known as a "teaser," or a "daisy-cutter," which refuses to rise even a hair's-breadth from the ground, and defeats the most skillful player. Whatever be the style of service in this case, the credit of the result must, four times out of five, be awarded to the inequality of the ground.

From the article to which allusion has been made above we learn that the game as practiced by the best players demands excellence in volleying to the exclusion of almost everything else. After the service the crack player takes his position in the centre of his court on the service line. From this point he counts upon reaching every ball which is returned to him; and as the court is only twenty-seven feet wide, a good length of arm, aided by a quick step sideways or forward, should justify his confidence, since every ball that is beyond his reach is almost certain to fall out of court. It is unwise, however, for an indifferent volleyer to put his whole trust in this kind of play, for nothing is more uncertain than the ultimate destination of a volley when the ball has been returned so quickly as to leave the player no time to gauge either force or direction.

Though, as we have said, lawn tennis is not a social game in the same sense as was croquet, it is not without the elements of a social force. In its case, however, since the aim is to bring together persons devoted to it for its own sake, and not merely to assemble a miscellaneous party to whom the game is only a pretext for their coming together, instead of encouraging lawn parties and such like desultory opportunities for practising their favorite game, the tennis players of a neighborhood hasten to form themselves into clubs. The principal clubs to which New York city is tributary (leaving out of consideration summer sojourners at Newport and other popular resorts) are the Staten Island, the St. George's, whose ground is at Hoboken, the Orange Club, and those at Jersey City, Newark, Morristown, and Short Hills. The first two are large and important clubs, but they owe their organization in the first instance to cricket rather than to lawn tennis. The largest and most important of the clubs devoted to lawn tennis exclusively is the Orange Club, which, though in its first season, numbers a hundred members, and possesses a very pretty ground at Montrose, New Jersey. The scene of our illustration is the beautiful ground at New Brighton, Staten Island, which, running down to the water's edge on one side, commands a glorious view of the upper bay, while the background is formed by the terraced hill, and its many tasteful villas embosomed in masses of foliage.

But New York has by no means a monopoly of lawn tennis clubs. The Beacon Park Club is the chief among several at Boston; and Philadelphia, the stronghold of cricket, is likewise a warm admirer of the new game. Inasmuch, indeed, as a good cricket ground is also a good lawn tennis ground, Philadelphians should, and perhaps do, take the lead among the devotees of the game.

The first tournament held under the auspices of the National Lawn Tennis Association has recently been concluded at Newport. The exhibition of fine play on the part of Mr. SEARS, the winner of the championship, and of those who pressed him most closely, was a revelation to most of the spectators, and the association is to be congratulated on its success in bringing together such a number of first-rate players. A national association, indeed, was all that was wanting to advance the interests of the sport. Its sterling merits as a game have been shown by the popularity which it has so quickly won, and its admirers, while they do not regard lawn tennis as the whole duty of man, and the single end and aim of existence, are sufficiently devoted to it to wish to see it take rank with other sports and pastimes which have their national associations and their annual re-unions.

PRACTICE AT CREEDMOOR.

THE second day (September 13) of the fall meeting of the National Rifle Association at Creedmoor was especially interesting on account of the Military Team Match at 200 yards, open to teams of five men from any company, troop, or battery of the National Guard of this or other States. The first prize was an embroidered flag, valued at $300, which will have to be won three times before it becomes the property of any organization. It was won by the Twentieth Separate Company of Binghamton by a score of 141. The *Army and Navy Journal* trophy was won by a team of twelve men from the battalion of the United States Engineers, with a score of 349 out of a possible 410. The team representing the Thirteenth Regiment of the Pennsylvania National Guard won the second place and silver medals by a score of 346.

In the New York State National Guard Match there were twelve teams of twelve men each entered to compete for the trophy presented by Senator W. W. ASTOR. The distances were 200 and 500 yards; positions, standing at 200 yards, and any with head toward the target at 500; five shots at each target. The Twentieth Separate Company from Binghamton were the winners. Besides the trophy, a silver medal was given to each member of the winning team. The Seventh Regiment team was next in order, and each man in it received a silver medal.

THE TRAVERS PRIZE.

"DAVID"—THE ASTOR PRIZE.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
IN INDIGESTION.

I HAVE used Horsford's Acid Phosphate in indigestion arising from nerve exhaustion. It is an admirable remedy. P. W. BRADBURY, M.D.
St. Louis, Mo.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. JOHN T. RAYMOND.

MESSRS. RIKER & SON: Fifth Avenue Hotel.
Gents,—I am very much pleased with your American Face Powder.
—[*Com.*] Yours truly, MRS. JOHN T. RAYMOND.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER,
When used in the bath or at the toilet, purifies, softens, and whitens the skin; refreshes, invigorates, and imparts a delightful sensation of coolness and buoyancy, at the same time diffusing a charming and lasting fragrance of rare exotic flowers. It is greatly superior to Eau de Cologne.
LANMAN & KEMP, New York, Sole Proprietors.
Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers. Wholesale Depot in London, No. 7 Snow Hill.—[*Adv.*]

BABY'S WARNING.
When baby has pains at dead of night,
Mother in a fright, father in a plight;
When worms do bite, baby must cry,
If fever sets in, baby may die.
If croupy pains kill Leonora,
In that house there's no Castoria,
For mothers learn without delay,
Castoria cures by night and day.—[*Adv.*]

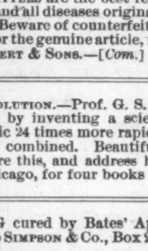
ANGOSTURA BITTERS are the best remedy for removing indigestion and all diseases originating from the digestive organs. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.—[*Com.*]

MUSICAL REVOLUTION.—Prof. G. S. Rice has astonished the world by inventing a scientific system of teaching all music 24 times more rapidly than all other correct methods combined. Beautiful results immediately. Treasure this, and address him, with stamp, 243 State St., Chicago, for four books free.—[*Adv.*]

STUTTERING cured by Bates' Appliances. Send for description to SIMPSON & Co., Box 2236, N.Y.-[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL



BAKING
POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

Made from Grape Cream Tartar.—No other preparation makes such light, flaky hot breads, or luxurious pastry. Can be eaten by dyspeptics without fear of the ills resulting from heavy, indigestible food. Sold only in cans, by all Grocers.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., New York.

SHAVING MADE EASY!
VROOM & FOWLER'S SHAVING SOAP
Gives a quick, soft, lasting lather.
Packet by mail on receipt of twenty cents.
C. H. RUTHERFORD, 26 Liberty St., N.Y.

EPPS'S COCOA.
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*
Made simply with boiling water or milk.
Sold only in soldered tins, ½ and lb., labelled
JAMES EPPS & CO., *Homœopathic Chemists*,
LONDON, ENG.
Also, *Epps's Chocolate Essence* for afternoon use.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa***, from which the excess of oil has been removed. It is a delicious drink, nourishing and strengthening; easily digested; admirably adapted for invalids as well as persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO.,
Dorchester, Mass.

STATEN ISLAND
FANCY DYEING ESTABLISHMENT,
Office, 5 and 7 John St., N. Y.
BRANCH OFFICES } 1199 Broadway, near 29th St., N. Y.
279 Fulton St., Brooklyn.
47 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.
110 W. Baltimore St., Baltimore.
Dye, Clean, and *Refinish* Dress Goods and Garments.
Ladies' Dresses, Cloaks, Robes, &c., of *all fabrics*, and of the most elaborate styles, cleaned or dyed successfully *without ripping.*
Gentlemen's Garments, *cleaned or dyed whole.*
Curtains, Window-Shades, Table-Covers, Carpets, &c., cleaned or dyed.
Employing the best attainable skill and most improved appliances, and having systematized anew every department of our business, we can confidently promise the best results, and unusually prompt return of goods.
Goods received and returned by express or by mail.
BARRETT, NEPHEWS & CO.,
5 and 7 John St., N. Y.

GALVANISM and ELECTRICITY
The Great Curative Agents.

DR. HALL'S GALVANO ELECTRIC PLASTERS

A GALVANIC BATTERY is imbedded in this Medicated Plaster, which, when applied to the body produces a constant but mild current of Electricity, which is most exhilarating. It is a positive and speedy cure for the following complaints, viz.:
Rheumatism; Neuralgia; Sick Headache; Weak and Inflamed Eyes; All Affections of the Brain; Spinal Complaints; Kidney and Liver Complaints; Sciatica, Paralysis and Lumbago; Dyspepsia; Asthma and Lung Diseases; Diseases of the Heart; Nervous Prostrations, &c.
PRICE ONLY $1.00.
THE BELL MANN CO., Prop'rs,
842 Broadway, Cor. 13th St., New York.
AGENTS WANTED.
SEND STAMP FOR CIRCULARS.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
Mention this paper. Sent by mail.

Universally prescribed by the Faculty.
TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON
A laxative and refreshing Fruit Lozenge for Constipation, bile, headache, hemorrhoids, cerebral congestion, &c.
Prepared by E. GRILLON, Sole Proprietor, Pharmacien de 1re Classe de la Faculté de Paris, 27, rue Rambuteau, Paris.
Sold by all Chemists and Druggists.
75 cents the box.

"BOKER'S BITTERS," THE BEST Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. Beware of counterfeits and imitations similarly put up. For sale by druggists, grocers, liquor merchants, and L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Agent, 78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.

MUSIC
100 Popular Songs, words and music, 30 cts. 100 Comic Songs, words and music, 30 cts. 100 Sentimental Songs, words and music, 30 cts. 100 Old Favorite Songs words and music, 30 cts. 100 Opera Songs, words and music, 30 cts. 100 Home Songs, words and music, 30 cts. 100 Irish Songs, words and music, 30 cts. 100 Ethiopian Songs, words and music, 30 cts. 100 Scotch Songs, words and music, 30 cts. Any four of the above lots for One Dollar. All of the above for Two Dollars. The above comprises nearly all of the most popular music ever published and is the best bargain ever offered. Order at once. Postage Stamps taken. Pianoettes, Violins, Guitars and Musical Instruments at low prices.
World Manuf. Co. 122 Nassau St. New York

CANDY
Send $1, $2, $3, or $5 for a sample retail box by express of the best Candies in America, put up elegantly and strictly pure. Refers to all Chicago. Address C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 78 Madison St., Chicago.

PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY ACADEMY,
Chester, Pa., opens September 14. Degrees conferred.
COL. THEO. HYATT, President.

ON TRIAL!

THREE MONTHS FOR 25 CTS.

THE INTER OCEAN.

To enable new subscribers to thoroughly test the value of THE WEEKLY INTER OCEAN, the proprietors offer it 3 MONTHS, POSTAGE PAID, FOR 25 CENTS.

This paper has now the largest circulation of any publication west of New York.

Postage paid on The Inter Ocean in 1880 was $17,342.04.

It is the representative paper of the Northwest. It is thoroughly Republican, but not foolishly partisan. It is able and honest, and is opposed to Monopolies and Monopolists.

As a LITERARY AND FAMILY PAPER it is unexcelled. It is popular with the BOYS AND GIRLS as well as their parents.

It has frequent supplements, and publishes more Reading Matter than any other secular weekly paper in the country. Address

THE INTER OCEAN, Chicago.

D'EFFIAT BLOOD AND SKIN REMEDY

$500 REWARD that it will eradicate **ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, FRECKLES, MOTH, Etc.,** from the face of any and every **Lady or Gentleman** that uses it. It cleanses —**MALARIA**— from the system, **Brightens the Eyes, and Beautifies the Complexion.** A certain cure for all Skin diseases, and **Positively Harmless. $1.00 per Package or 6 for $5.00.** Sold by Druggists or sent by mail in letter form on receipt of price.

THE BELL MANN CO.,
842 Broadway, New York.
Mention this paper.
Send stamp for circulars.

The Yorktown Campaign

And the Surrender of Cornwallis, 1781. By HENRY P. JOHNSTON. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $2.00.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of price.*

TRADE MARK.

THE FIRST
JAPANESE M'F'G & TRADING CO.,
NO. 865 BROADWAY,
BETWEEN 17TH AND 18TH STREETS,
IMPORTERS OF
JAPANESE GOODS.
Greatest assortment of
NOVELTIES FOR THE FALL TRADE.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS,
UNION SQUARE.

SHERRIES, Pale, Dry, Fruity, &c., &c.
HOCKS, Burgundies, Clarets, Sauternes, &c., &c.
CHAMPAGNES, Dry or Fruity, Esteemed Varieties.
COGNACS, in Demijohns and Bottles.
GIN, Holland imported in Jugs.
MARMALADE, Jams, &c. Jas. Keiller & Son, Dundee.
FRUITS GLACÉS, also Preserves, Prunes without stones.
BISCUITS, Alberts and Waters, Middlemass, Edinburgh.

THE LIFE OF
PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

The Life of James A. Garfield, President of the United States. With Extracts from his Speeches. By EDMUND KIRKE. Illustrated. 4to, Paper, 20 cents. German Edition, 4to, Paper, 20 cents.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of the price.*

MRS. THOMPSON'S Celebrated patent **"WAVE."** The unparalleled success of this charming addition to a lady's toilet, is due to their **convenience, comfort,** and the **decided improved appearance** given to every wearer. They make a thin face appear full—soften the lines that age sometimes creates. They are an absolute **necessity** to ladies whose foreheads are high—whose hair will not remain in crimp. Being made of **Nature's Curly Hair,** they **cannot** get out of wave. They have no **false wig-like** look, so observable in **all** other waves and crimps. Does away with crimping pins, and the danger of ruining the hair. **Price, $6 to $12** (blonde and gray extra). Sent C. O. D. with privilege of exchanging. To be had **only** of **Mrs. C. Thompson, 107 State St., Chicago.** Send for Illustrated Catalogue free. No agents.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year............$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, One Year................ 4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR, One Year.................. 4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, One Year...... 1 50

HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY: a weekly publication, containing works of Travel, Biography, History, and Fiction, at prices ranging from 10 to 25 cents per number. Full list of *Harper's Franklin Square Library* will be furnished gratuitously on application to HARPER & BROTHERS.

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE, comprising the titles of between three and four thousand volumes, will be sent by mail on receipt of Nine Cents.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

GIVE THE RED MAN A CHANCE.
Make him a citizen, with all the *privileges* which that implies.

E. A. MORRISON,
893 Broadway, N. Y.,

Manufacturer of goods of superior quality and finish for

BABIES
AND YOUNG CHILDREN.

Complete Wardrobes, containing 38 pieces, for $60.00.
Infants' Toilet Baskets, $4.75 and upwards.
Stylish Sacques, Coats, and Suits on hand and made to order at
MODERATE PRICES.

$777 A Year and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT FLAVORING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES, AND SAUCES.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. An invaluable and palatable tonic in all cases of weak digestion and debility. "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," &c.
CAUTION.—Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 43 Mark Lane, London, England.

Sold wholesale in New York by PARK & TILFORD, SMITH & VANDERBEEK, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO., W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.

A $15.00 BREECH LOADING SHOT GUN FOR $5.50
WEIGHT 6½ lbs. LENGTH 4 Ft. THE SAXON BREECH LOADER
ONLY $5.50

THE SAXON BREECH-LOADING SHOT GUNS

Having been extensively introduced in ENGLAND and FRANCE, where they have given **universal satisfaction;** and, wishing to introduce them in the **United States,** we have concluded to sell a **LIMITED NUMBER** of this matchless weapon at a price which brings them within the reach of every one.

The **SAXON BREECH-LOADER** has a **Blued Barrel, thoroughly tested, guaranteed perfectly safe and accurate, case hardened, handsome stock,** and every part of it made of the very best material. Length 4 feet; weight 6 1-2 pounds. The improved **patent breech** makes it **far superior to,** and **less liable to get out of order** than any other breech-loading Shot Gun in the world.

Upon receipt of $5.50, and the attached Certificate, before March 1st, 1882, we will ship the above Gun to any address in the United States.

☞ CUT THIS CERTIFICATE OUT.—IT IS VALUABLE. ☜

*Upon receipt of this Certificate, before **March 1st, 1882,** with **$5.50,** we hereby agree to forward to any address in the U. S., one of our* Saxon Breech-Loading Shot Guns, *and guarantee it in every particular.* SAXON IMPORTING CO.

☞ CUT THIS CERTIFICATE OUT.—IT IS VALUABLE. ☜

The above offer is only made to introduce this incomparable gun in this country. To protect ourselves from dealers ordering in large quantities, we have concluded to **insert this Advertisement, one time only, in this paper,** hence require you to cut out the above certificate and enclose it to us with your order. We will not sell more than one gun to the same person, at the above price, and not then unless the order is accompanied by the above certificate. Our regular price is $15.00, and that amount will be charged unless order is accompanied by Certificate. **In no case** will we send more than one gun with each Certificate. If you do not wish a gun for your own use, you will have no trouble in disposing of it at a handsome profit. In selling **samples** of the **"SAXON" at $5.50 each,** we are making an **ENORMOUS SACRIFICE,** but we feel sure that one gun going into a neighborhood will sell ten more at our **regular price.** We wish to caution you against persons offering guns in imitation of the SAXON; to ascertain if the gun is genuine, see that the word "Saxon" is stamped on it. **The sporting papers** generally, join in **praising THE SAXON BREECH-LOADING SHOT GUN as being one of the most reliable Sporting Guns in the world. REMEMBER, this is a SPECIAL OFFER, and will not appear again,** as we wish to introduce the **SAXON BREECH-LOADER** in America as soon as possible. **We guarantee this Gun to be exactly as represented,** and will **return the money** if they are found to be otherwise. Should you desire it, we will **send the gun C. O. D., (with the privilege of examination) on receipt of $2.00,** to guarantee us against loss by Express charges. If we are strangers to you we refer you to any Bank or Express Office in New York City. For $1.00 extra we will send with the Gun, one of **Our New Sportsman's Cartridge Belts and 50 Metallic Base Reloadable Shells.** If you have friends in New York have them call and see us. Send money at our risk by P. O. Money Order, Registered Letter, or Bank Draft payable to our order. Address,

SAXON IMPORTING CO., 116 Chambers St., New York City.

HARPER & BROTHERS'
LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

I.
WESTCOTT & HORT'S GREEK NEW TESTAMENT. The New Testament in the Original Greek. The Text Revised by BROOKE FOSS WESTCOTT, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity, Canon of Peterborough; and F. J. A. HORT, D.D., Hulsean Professor of Divinity, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. American Edition. With an Introduction by PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D., LL.D., President of the American Bible Revision Committee. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 00.

II.
THE REVISED VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. Harper's American Editions: Pica, 8vo, Cloth, Red Edges, $2 00; Brevier, 16mo, Cloth, 45 cents; Full Leather, Gilt Edges, 90 cents; Brevier, 12mo, Cloth, Red Edges, 60 cents; Brevier, 4to, Paper, 20 cents.

III.
FRANKLIN SQUARE SONG COLLECTION. Songs and Hymns for Schools and Homes, Nursery and Fireside. With Music. Selected by J. P. MCCASKEY. 8vo, Paper, 40 cents. Also, an edition printed on finer paper, bound in Cloth, $1 00.

IV.
LETTERS OF MADAME DE RÉMUSAT to her Husband and Son, from 1804 to 1813. From the French by Mrs. CASHEL HOEY and Mr. JOHN LILLIE. 4to, Paper, 20 cents.

V.
LANDOR. By SIDNEY COLVIN. 12mo, Cloth, 75 cents. The Latest Volume issued in the "English Men of Letters."

VI.
TO-DAY IN AMERICA. Studies for the Old World and the New. By JOSEPH HATTON. 4to, Paper, 20 cents.

VII.
THOMAS CARLYLE. By MONCURE D. CONWAY. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

VIII.
FARM FESTIVALS. By WILL CARLETON, Author of "Farm Ballads," "Farm Legends," and "Centennial Rhymes." With numerous characteristic Illustrations. Uniform with "Farm Ballads" and "Farm Legends." 8vo, Illuminated Cloth, $2 00; Gilt Edges, $2 50.

IX.
BEAUTY IN DRESS. By Miss OAKEY. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

X.
THE CORRESPONDENCE OF PRINCE TALLEYRAND and King Louis XVIII. during the Congress at Vienna. (Hitherto unpublished.) From the Manuscripts preserved in the Archives of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs at Paris. With a Preface, Observations, and Notes by M. G. PALLAIN. 4to, Paper, 20 cents. Also, in 12mo, Cloth, 75 cents.

THE NEW NOVELS

PUBLISHED BY
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

The Private Secretary. 20 cents.

With Costs. By Mrs. NEWMAN. 15 cents.

Toby Tyler; or, Ten Weeks with a Circus. By JAMES OTIS. Illustrated. Square 16mo, Illuminated Cloth, $1 00.

Warlock o' Glenwarlock. By GEORGE MACDONALD. 20 cents.

That Beautiful Wretch: a Brighton Story. By WILLIAM BLACK. With many Illustrations. 20 cents. Library Edition, 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

Reseda. By Mrs. RANDOLPH. 20 cents.

The Black Speck. By F. W. ROBINSON. 10 cents.

Sydney. By GEORGIANA M. CRAIK. 15 cents.

The Neptune Vase. By VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON. 20 cts.

Ayala's Angel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. 20 cents.

The Story of Helen Troy. By the Author of "Golden-Rod, an Idyl of Mount Desert." 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

! ! ! By GEORGE H. HEPWORTH. $1 00.

An Ocean Free-Lance. By W. CLARK RUSSELL. 20 cts.

A Costly Heritage. By ALICE O'HANLON. 20 cents.

Visited on the Children. By THEO. GIFT. 20 cents.

At the Seaside, and other Stories. By MARY CECIL HAY. 15 cents.

A Child of Nature. By ROBERT BUCHANAN. 15 cents.

My First Offer, and other Stories. By MARY CECIL HAY. 15 cents.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE *mailed free on receipt of Nine Cents in stamps.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

H. W. JOHNS' ASBESTOS
LIQUID PAINTS, ROOFING,
Steam Pipe & Boiler Coverings, Steam Packing, Mill Board, Sheathing, Fire Proof Coatings, &c.
SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE PRICE LIST.
H. W. JOHNS M'F'G CO. 87 MAIDEN LANE, N. Y.

GUNS
Lowest prices ever known on **Breech-Loaders, Rifles, & Revolvers.**
OUR $15 SHOT-GUN at greatly reduced price. Send stamp for our New Illus. Catalogue, 1881-82.
P. POWELL & SON, 238 Main Street, CINCINNATI, O.

THE BIGGEST THING OUT Illustrated Book Sent Free. (new) E. NASON & CO., 111 Nassau St., New York

20 GOLD and SILVER, or 25 Fancy Chromo Cards, name on, 10c. NASSAU CARD CO., Nassau, N. Y.